

THE
SPIRIT

OF THE

PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE,

EXHIBITED IN A

SERIES OF OUTLINE PLATES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE STORY OF EACH PLAY

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD

WITH

QUOTATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS

VOL V

LONDON

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- 2 Macbeth, Banquo, and the Witches
- 3 Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants —Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus
- 4 Macbeth and Lady Macbeth
- 5 Lady Macbeth receiving Duncan, &c at the Castle-gate.
- 6 Macbeth about to murder Duncan
- 7 Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, after the murder of Duncan
- 8 Macbeth and Lenox accusing the Grooms of the murder of Duncan
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- 11 The murder of Banquo
- 12 The Banquet —The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place
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- 14 The murder of Lady Macduff and children
- 15 Malcolm entreating the assistance of Edward the Confessor
- 16 Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep
- 17 Malcolm ordering the army to conceal their numbers by the branches of trees —The wood of Birnam
- 18 Macbeth informed of the death of the Queen
- 19 A Messenger announcing the movement of Birnam Wood
- 20 Macduff kills Macbeth —Young Siward is lying dead, having been killed by Macbeth —Malcolm is hailed king

KING LEAR

- 1 Lear divides his kingdom between Goneril and Regan fancying that Cordelia had fallen short of her sisters in her love for him —Kent in vain interposes.
- 2 Edmund persuading Gloster that Edgar intended to murder him
- 3 Kent disguised as a servant correcting the insolence of the Steward of Goneril
- 4 Lear leaves Goneril who complained of his conduct —Enter Albany
- 5 Edmund persuading Edgar to fly from his father's anger
- 6 Kent in the stocks.
- 7 Lear cursing his daughters
- 8 Lear in the storm —Edgar disguised as a madman —Gloster with a torch comes to seek Lear
- 9 Gloster having assisted Lear to join Cordelia who had landed at Dover is punished by Cornwall who plucks out his eyes
- 10 Gloster having had both eyes torn out is committed by the servant to Edgar's charge
- 11 Goneril Edmund and Steward.
- 12 Cordelia receiving the account of her father's state
- 13 Lear mad fantastically dressed up with flowers.—Enter a Gentleman with attendants
- 14 The Steward intending to kill Gloster is killed by Edgar
- 15 Lear and Cordelia
- 16 Regan takes Edmund as her husband Lear and Cordelia having been defeated and made prisoners
- 17 The death of Edmund.—Edgar having found a letter on the Steward from Goneril directing Edmund to murder her husband and take his place gives the letter to Albany and meets his brother to prove his treason.—They fight Edmund falls.—Regan is seen dying in the tent poisoned by Goneril.
- 18 Lear killing the officer who had charge from Edmund to hang Cordelia
- 19 Lear and Cordelia dead —Regan and Goneril both lying dead — Edmund also lies dead

ROMEO AND JULIET

- 1 The Masquerade.
- 2 Juliet in the balcony —Romeo in the garden
- 3 Romeo and Juliet meet at Friar Lawrence's cell to be married
- 4 Romeo parting Tybalt and Mercutio
- 5 Romeo, after the death of Mercutio, meets Tybalt, fights with, and kills him —In the background, the citizens are bringing Mercutio out from the house he had been carried to, and are placing him upon a bier The Prince, Capulet, Montague, and their wives, coming up
- 6 Romeo, banished for killing Tybalt, takes leave of Juliet
- 7 Juliet takes a sleeping draught to avoid the marriage with the County Paris, determined by her father and mother
- 8 Juliet discovered
- 9 Romeo, having been told of Juliet's death, buys poison, and comes to her tomb to die. Paris, who has come to strew the monument with flowers, attempts to prevent his breaking open the door
- 10 Romeo in the tomb, having brought down the body of Paris.— Juliet "in her best robes uncover'd on the bier"
- 11 Friar Lawrence comes to the monument Juliet wakes
- 12 Juliet, on discovering that Romeo is dead, stabs herself

HAMLET

- 1 Claudius poisoning the king in the garden —The queen anxiously watching the event
- 2 Laertes leaving the court
- 3 Laertes takes leave of Ophelia
- 4 Hamlet and the ghost
- 5 Hamlet and Ophelia
- 6 Hamlet and Ophelia.—King, Polonius, and queen in the background
- 7 The play
- 8 Queen, Hamlet, ghost

- 9 Ophelia mad
- 10 Death of Ophelia
- 11 Hamlet selecting a foil
- 12 Hamlet slaying the king

OTHELLO

- 1 Othello relating his adventures to Brabantio and Desdemona.
- 2 Othello pleading before the doge to Brabantio's accusation of having beguiled the affections of Desdemona.—Iago in the background is persuading Roderigo to renew his suit to Desdemona
- 3 Cassio's drunken squabble with Roderigo contrived by Iago Enter Othello and attendants.
- 4 Iago abusing Othello's ear that he" (Cassio) is too familiar with his wife. —Cassio entreating Desdemona's assistance to obtain his reinstatement as lieutenant of which office he had been deprived for his drunkenness —The fatal handkerchief is seen in the hands of Desdemona
- 5 Iago inducing Cassio to relate some meeting with his mistress Bianca having deluded Othello into the idea that it was an interview with Desdemona, in which he is confirmed by Bianca bringing in Desdemona's handkerchief to Cassio —Enter Bianca
- 6 Othello taxes Desdemona with misconduct
- 7 Roderigo urged by Iago attacks Cassio
- 8 Othello about to murder Desdemona.
- 9 Emilia undeceiving Othello —Iago stabs Emilia then runs out.
- 10 Iago in custody and Cassio brought in in a chair with his leg bound up

TITUS ANDRONICUS

- 1 Titus Andronicus delivering Alarbus to be sacrificed to the manes of his sons killed in battle with the Goths Tamora entreats for her son's life —Saturninus and Bassianus at the head of their respective parties coming to ask the suffrage of Titus for the empire. Saturninus is admiring Tamora.

- 2 Saturninus, having been chosen emperor at the instance of Titus, offers his hand to Lavinia, but immediately pays his court to Tamora—Bassianus, assisted by Marcus Andronicus, and the sons of Titus, claims Lavinia as his betrothed—Titus resists, and kills Mutius, his son, who opposes him
- 3 The murder of Bassianus by Chiron and Demetrius
- 4 Aaron leading Martius and Quintus to the pit into which Chiron and Demetrius had thrown the body of Bassianus—Martius falls into the pit
- 5 Martius and Quintus being found in the pit with the body of Bassianus, are condemned to death as his murderers.—Aaron is producing the bag of gold hid by himself, stited in a letter, forged by himself also, to be for the reward of a huntsman for the murder of Bassianus
- 6 Aaron pretends a message to have been sent from Saturninus, offering to pardon Andronicus's sons, on condition of Titus, Marcus, or Lucius sending a hand as a ransom for their faults—Whilst Marcus and Lucius go for an axe, Titus asks Aaron to cut his hand off—Martius and Quintus are seen going to execution—Lavinia, with her hands cut off, and tongue cut out, is standing near
7. Lavinia making known her sufferings—The heads of Martius and Quintus have been sent with Titus's hand, returned in scorn—Lavinia takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her arms, and writes
- 8 The nurse bringing a blackamoor child, the son of Aaron and Tamora
- 9 Aaron and his child brought before Lucius, who is become general of the Goths, "and threats, in course of this revenge, to do as much as ever Coriolanus did"
- 10 Tamora, with Chiron and Demetrius, come disguised as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder, to Titus Andronicus—Titus appears above
- 11 Chiron and Demetrius having been left, under the names of Rapine and Murder, Titus orders them to be bound—Enter Titus, with Lavinia, she bearing a basin, and he a knife
- 12 The banquet—Titus, as a cook, waits upon Saturninus and Tamora
- 13 Lucius is chosen emperor, and condemns Aaron

M A C B E I H

TWENTY PLATE

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLAITS

MACBETH

THE Witches are so intimately connected with most of *MACBETH*'s actions, that it is supposed no apology is necessary for their frequent introduction in these designs. They appear to be watching over their scheme "to draw him on to his confusion." They attend to witness the accomplishment of their prophecies, they "marshal him the way" to murder *DUNCAN*, they, as it were, preside over the various crimes perpetrated in the attainment of *MACBETH*'s ambitious desires, and they exult in his destruction by *MACDUFF*,

"Of no woman born

I

1st WITCH When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2d W When the hurly burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won

3d W That will be ere set of sun

1st W Where the place?

2d W Upon the heath

3d W There to meet with *Macbeth*

ACT I SCENE I

II.

MACBETH *and* BANQUO *meet the Witches*

“ 1ST W All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Glamis !

2D W. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor !

3D W All hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be king hereafter

To BANQUO

1ST W Hail !

2D W Hail !

3D W Hail !

1ST W Lesser than Macbeth, and greater

2D W Not so happy, yet much happier

3D W. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

1ST W Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

MACB Stay, ye imperfect speakers, tell me more
By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis ,
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman , and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor.

Speak, I charge you.

[*The Witches vanish* ”

ACT I. S. 3

III

DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,
and Attendants *Enter* MACBETH, BANQUO,
 ROSSE *and* ANGUS

‘DUN My worthy Cawdor

ACT I S 4

‘BAN What, can the devil speak true?

MACB Glamis, the thane of Cawdor

I he greatest is behind

ACT I S 3

IV

MACBETH *and* LADY MACBETH

“MACB My dearest love

Duncan comes here to night

LADY M And when goes hence?

MACB To morrow,—as he purposes

LADY M O, never

Shall sun that morrow see

He that s coming

Must be provided for

ACT I S 5

“A falcon tow ring in her pride of place,

Was by a mousing owl hawk d at and kill d

ACT II S 4

V

LADY MACBETH *receiving* DUNCAN, &c *at the Castle-gate*

“DUN. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love

LADY M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours, deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits

DUN. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night”

ACT I. S. 6

VI.

MACBETH *about to murder* DUNCAN

“MACB. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one
cried, *murder*!
That they did wake each other I stood and heard them
One cried, *God bless us!* and *amen* the other.
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep!

Still it cried, *Sleep no more*, to all the house,” &c. &c

ACT II S. 2.

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VII

“MACB I have done the deed!

LADY M Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood

MACB I'll go no more
I am afraid to think what I have done
Look on't again, I dare not.

LADY M Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures, 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt'

ACT II S 2

VIII

MACBETH and LENOX *accusing the Grooms of the murder of DUNCAN*

“LEN Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers which unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows

They stared, and were distracted no man's life
Was to be trusted with them

MACB O yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them

Who can be wise, amazed temperate and furious
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man, &c

ACT II S 3

IX

MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN *flying from the Castle*

“MAL Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

DON What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush and seize us ? Let’s away . our tears
Are not yet brew’d

MAL Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion

What will you do ? Let’s not consort with them
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy I’ll to England

DON To Ieland, I , our separated fortune
Shall keep us safer,” &c.

ACT II S. 3

“ROSSE Is’t known who did this more than bloody
deed ?

MACD. Those that Macbeth hath slain

ROSSE Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ?

MACD They were suborn’d.

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king’s two sons,
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed ”

ACT II. S 4

V

ROS. Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACD. He is already named and gone to Scone
To be invested."

ACT II S. 1

BAN. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised—and I fear
Thou play'st the most foully for't.

ACT III S. 1

VI

The murder of BANQUO

BAN. It will be run to-night.

1ST MUN. Let it come down.

[*Annals BANQUO*]

BAN. O treachery! Thy, good I hence—fly! fly! fly!
Thou may'st revenge—O, slave!

[*Dies*]

[*FLANCA and Servant escape*]

3D MUN. Who did strike out the light?

1ST MUN. Was't not the way?

3D MUN. There's but one down—the son is fled.

2D MUN. We have lost best half of our affair.

ACT III S. 1

XII.

The Banquet.

“ LEN. May it please your highness sit ?

[*The ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in MACBETH's place*

MACB. The table's full.

LEN. Here's a place reserved.

MACB. Where ?

LEN. Here, my lord what is't that moves your highness ?

MACB. Thou canst not say I did it never shake
Thy gory locks at me

LADY M. Are you a man ?

MACB. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth
hide thee,
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with ”

ACT III S 4

XIII

*The Witches enter HECATE and three other Witches,
MACBETH*

Apparition of an armed head rises

“ Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff!
Beware the thane of Fife!”

Apparition of a bloody child rises

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Be bloody, bold,
And resolute—hugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth!

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand

Be lion mettle, proud—and take no care
Who chafes, who frets—or where conspirers are
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him

*Eight kings appear, and pass over the stage in order, the
last with a glass in his hand,—BANQUO following*

MACBETH

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh? I'll see no more
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more—and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his

ACT IV S. 1

XIV

The murder of LADY MACDUFF *and children*

“ MUR Where is your husband ?

LADY M I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him

MUR He 's a traitor !

SON. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain !

MUR. What, you egg ! *[Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery !

SON He has kill'd me, mother
Run away, I pray you

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, pursued by Murderers ”

ACT IV S 2

XV

MALCOLM *enticating the assistance of* EDWARD
THE CONFESSOR

“ MAL Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ”

ACT IV S 3.

XVI

LADY MACBETH *talking in her sleep*

“LADY M Out, damned spot! out, I say!”

The throne of Life had a wife—where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean?

Doc Go to go to you have known what you should not

GRAT She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that Heaven knows what she has known

LADY M Here's the smell of the blood still all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand Oh! oh! oh!

DOCT What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged

GRAT I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body

ACT V S 1

XVII

MALCOLM *ordering the army to conceal their numbers by the branches of trees The wood of Birnam*

‘MAL I et every soldier hew him down a bough And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery Less in report of us’

ACT V S 1

XVIII.

“ The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death ”

ACT V S 5

XIX

A Messenger

“ As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought
The wood began to move

MACB

Liar and slave !

MLSS Within this three mile may you see it coming ,
I say, a moving grove ”

ACT V S 5

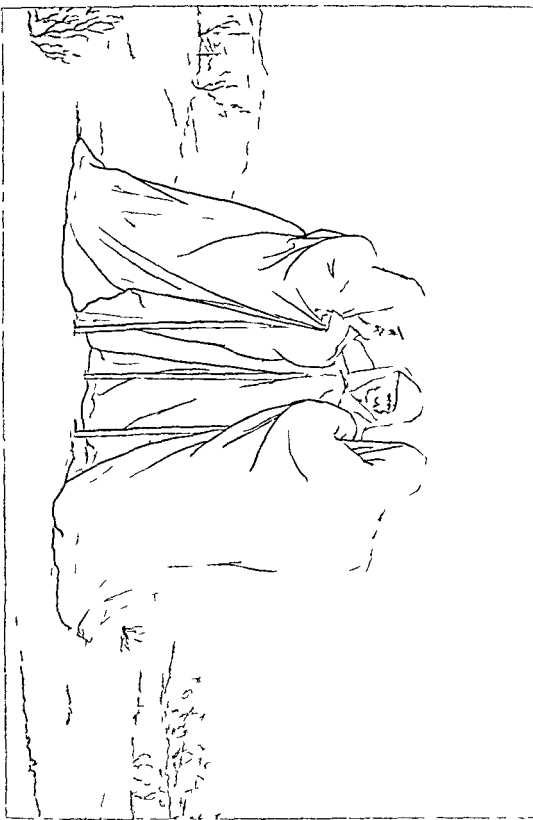
X X

MACDUFF kills MACBETH—*young SIWARD is lying dead, having been killed by MACBETH*—MALCOLM is hailed king

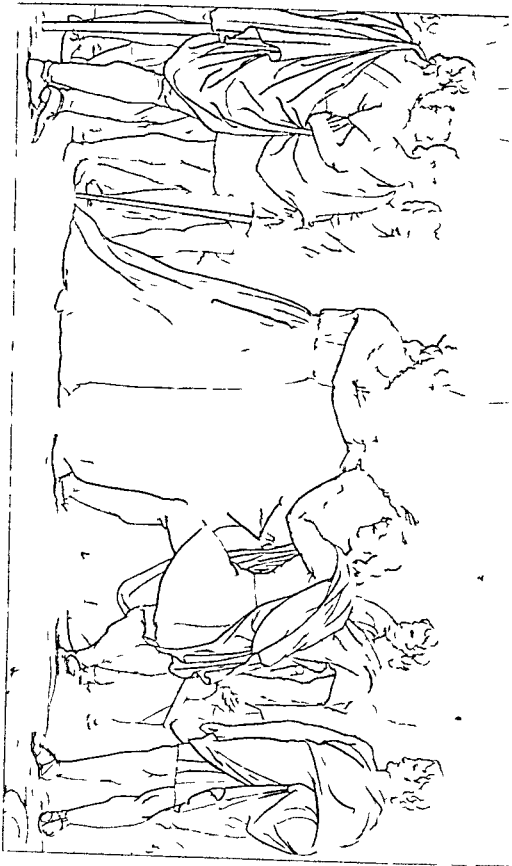
“MACB I ll not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm s feet,
And to be bated with the rabble s curse
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsmane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born
Yet I will try the last hy on, Macduff,
And damn d be him that first cries, Hold enough !

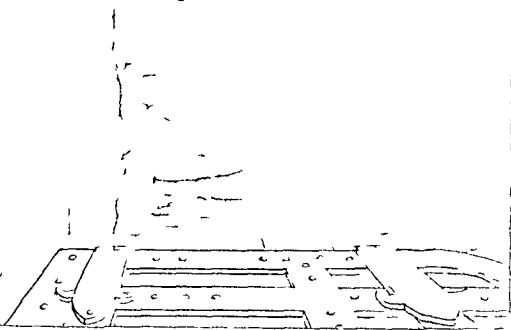
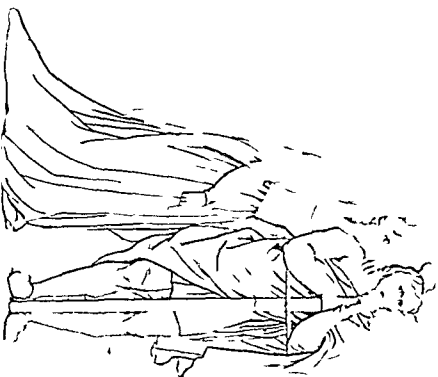
All King of Scotland, hail !

Act V S 7

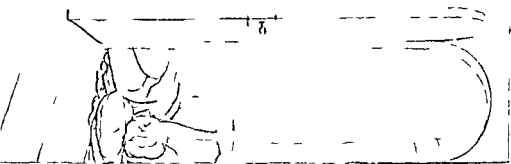
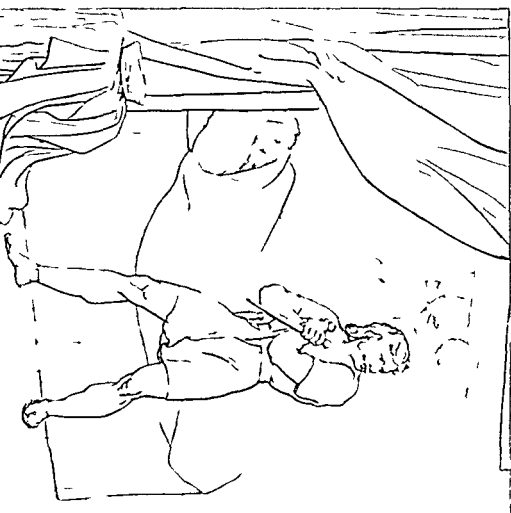


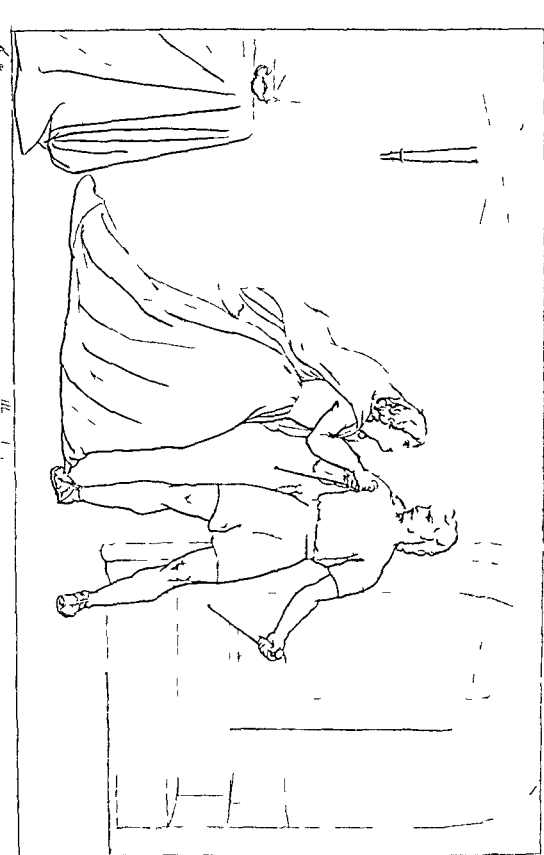


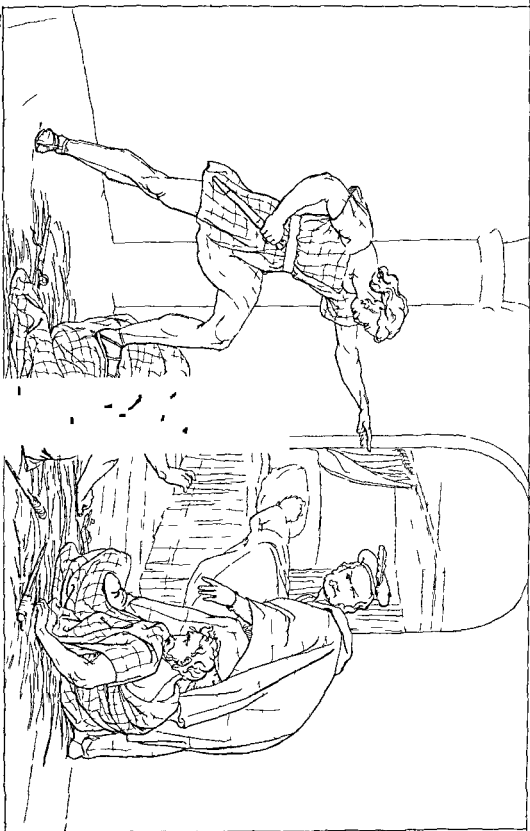


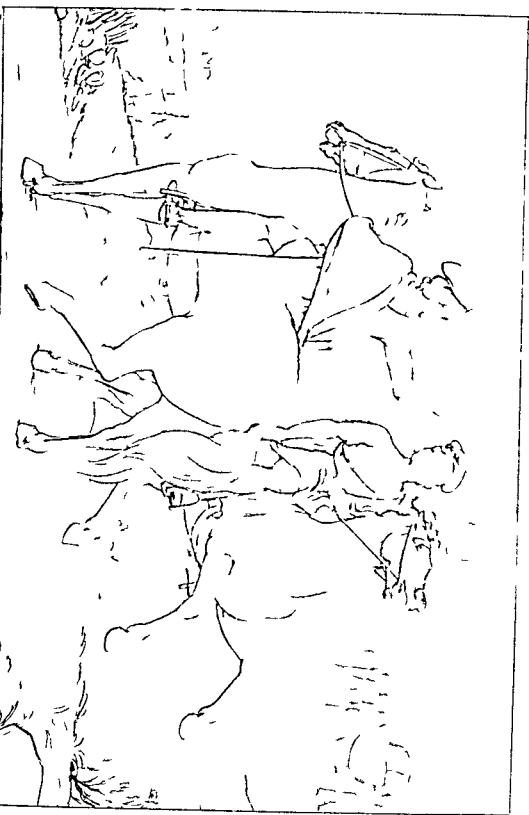


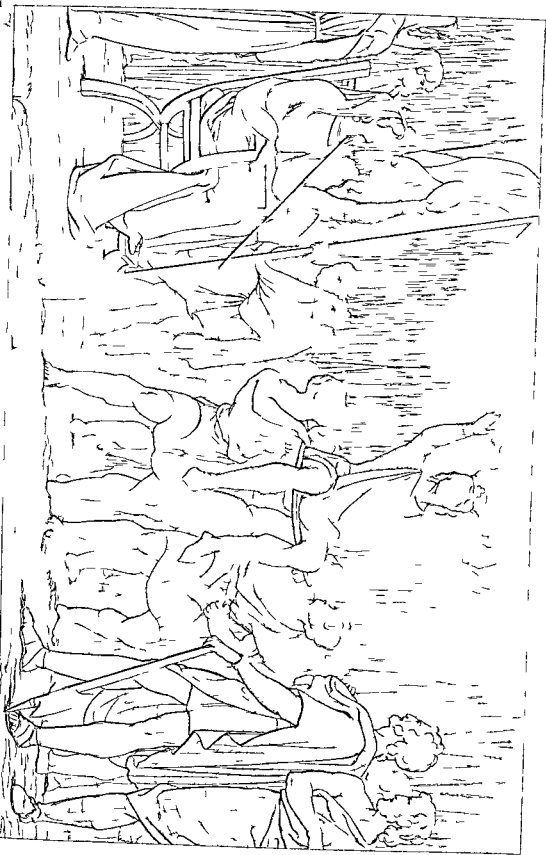




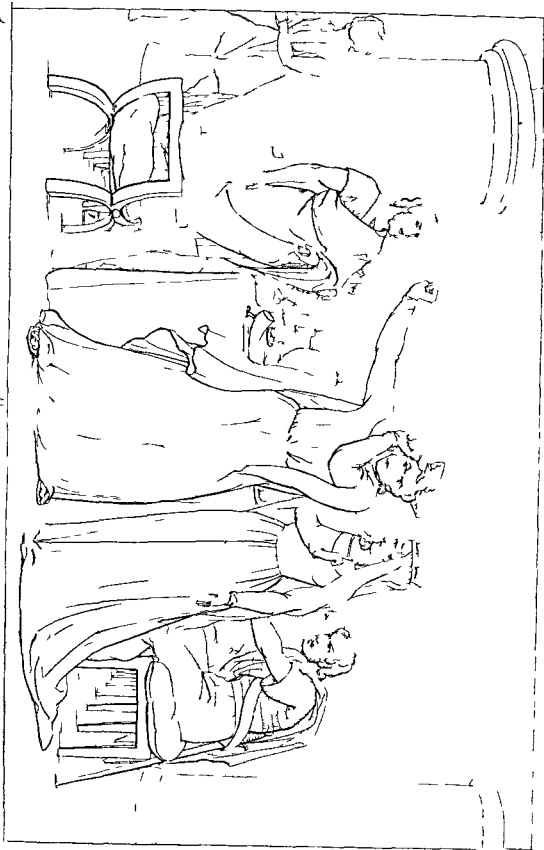


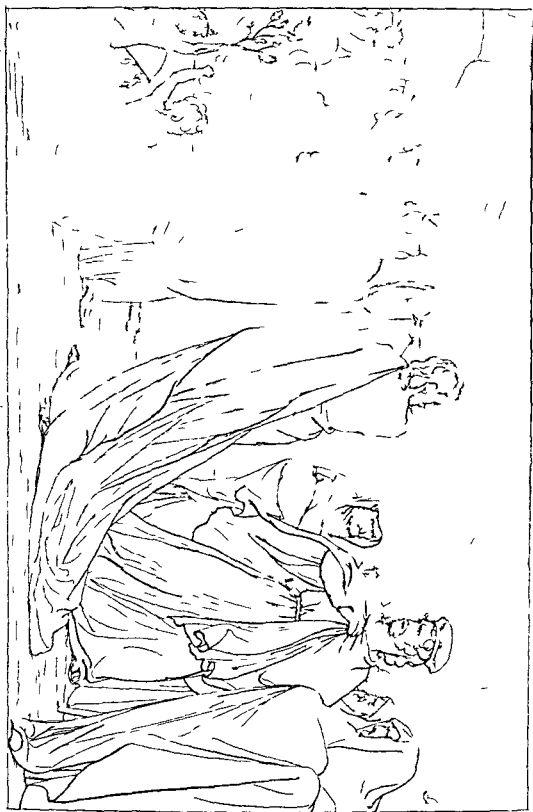




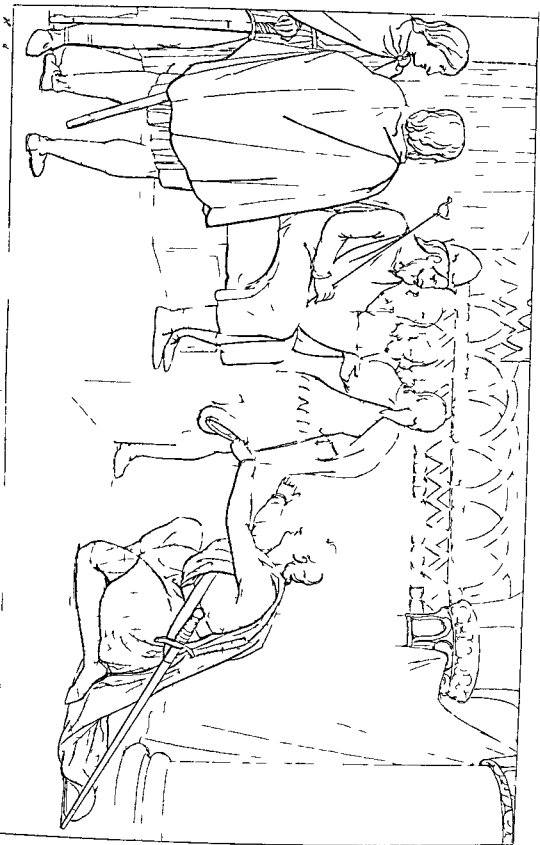


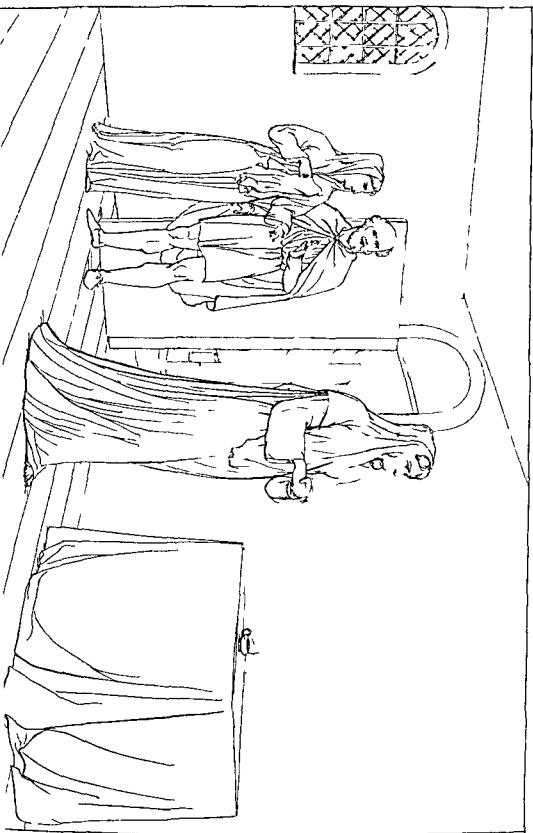


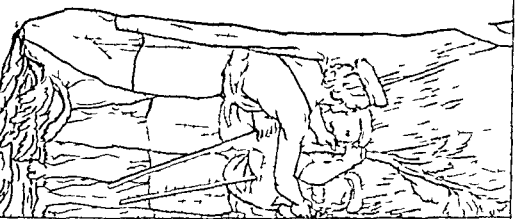


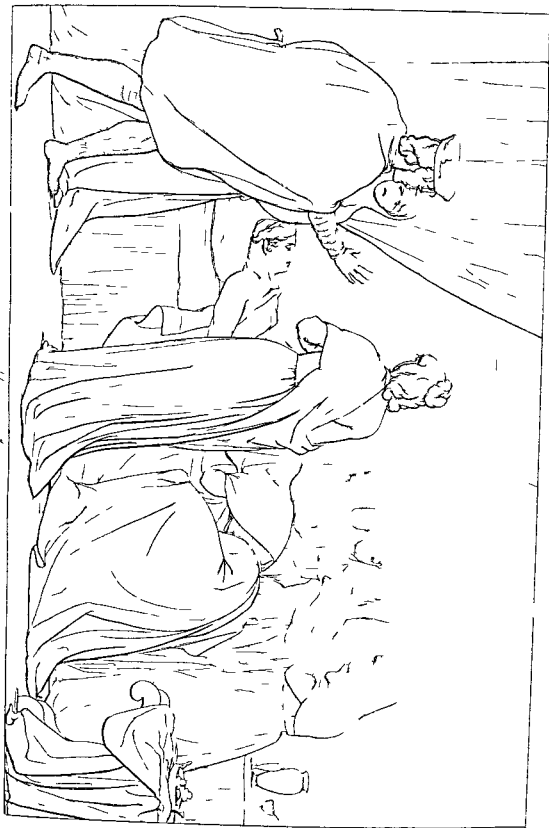


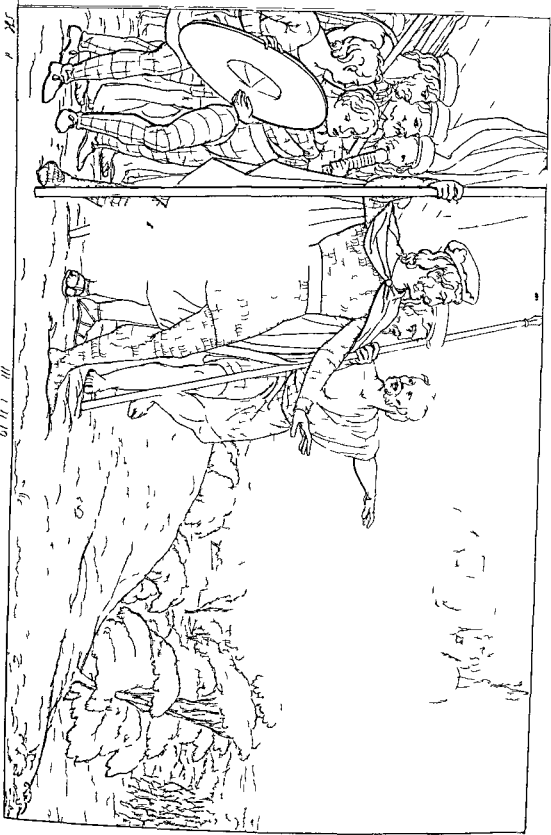




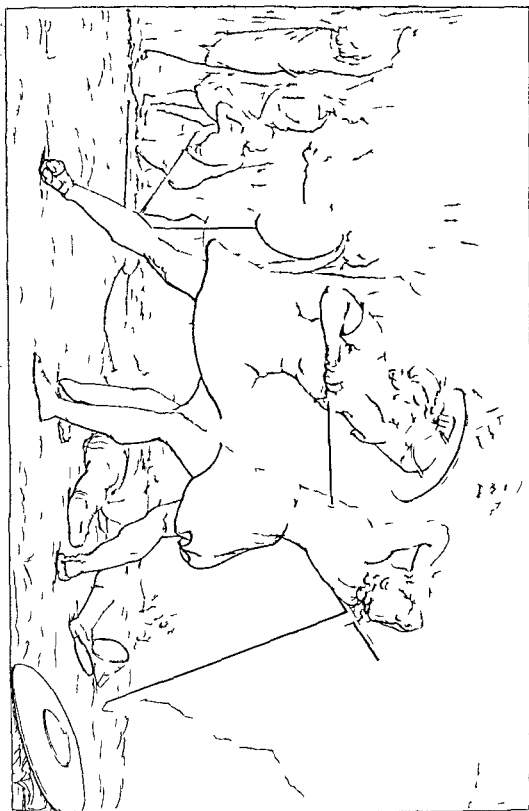








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K I N G L E A R.

NINETEEN PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

KING LEAR

THE date assumed for the occurrences which form the plot of this celebrated tragedy is after the Romans had been in Britain, but before the arrival of the Saxons. The costume entails some disadvantages from want of variety and, in many instances, want of elegance, but it has been deemed right to complete these illustrations upon the principle laid down of strict antiquarian accuracy, and it is hoped that character will amply atone for casual inelegancies, and the want of variety in the individual instance be compensated by the much greater variety obtained in the whole work, in consequence of adhering to the truth, instead of reducing all costumes to one standard.

The first scene has been condensed. LEAR divides his kingdom between GONERIL and REGAN, and

curses CORDEIRA, KIVA intercede, and LEON claims his bride, at one moment, though in play these events follow one another. The lie has been taken in some other place, or in No where LEON strikes the steward, GOSSETT is posed to see it, though in the text he does enter for some time afterward, and EDGAR, EDMEUND has fallen, is made to discover him immediately. These trifling adaptations are absolutely necessary to convey the spirit of the scene, in translating from poetry to painting.

I

LEAR *divides his kingdom between GONERIL and REGAN, fancying that CORDELIA had fallen short of her sisters in her love for him — KENT in vain interposes*

LEAR Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery — Hence, and avoid my sight !
(To CORDELIA)

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her ! — Call France — Who stirs ?
Call Burgundy — Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters dowers digest this third
Let pride, which she calls plainness marry her

FRANCE Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
poor
Most choice, forsaken and most loved, despised !
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon

Thy dowerless daughter king thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us of ours and our fair France
Not all the dukes of wat rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me

ACT I S 1

II

EDMUND *persuading* GLOSTER *that* EDGAR *intended to murder him*

“EDM I hope, for my brother’s justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

GLOS. (*reads*) . *If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar —Humph!—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue —My son Edgar! had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?*

EDM It was not brought me, my lord, there’s the cunning of it, I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.”

ACT I S 2

III

KENT, *disguised as a servant, correcting the insolence of the Steward of GONERIL*

LEAR O you sir, you sir, come you hither Who
am I, sir?

STEW My lady's father

LEAR My lady's father! my lord's knave you whore
son dog! you slave! you cur!

STEW I am none of this, my lord I beseech you,
pardon me

LEAR Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
(Striking him)

STEW I'll not be struck, my lord

KENT Nor tripped neither you base football player
(Tripping up his heels)

ACT I S 4

V

EDMUND *persuading* EDGAR *to fly from his*
father's anger

' EDM Brother I say
My father watches —O sir, fly this place
Intelligence is given where you are hid
You have now the good advantage of the night

I hear my father coming —pardon me —
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you —
Draw seem to defend yourself
Fly brother —torches ' torches ' so farewell

ACT II S 1

VI

KENT *in the stocks*

LEAF What s he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here ?

KENT It is both he and she,
Thy son and daughter

LEAR No

KENT Yes "

ACT II S 3

VII

LEAR *cursing his daughters*

“LEAR. O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand ?

GON Why not by the hand, sir ? How have I offended ?
All 's not offence that indiscretion finds
Of dotage terms so.

LEAR I gave you all—

REG. And in good time you gave it.

LEAR Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number what, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

REG. What need one ?

LEAR. O, reason not the need our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's thou art a lady,
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much,—
O, let not women's weapons, water drops,

Stain my man's cheeks ! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not but they shall be
The terrors of the earth You think I ll weep
No, I ll not weep —
I have full cause of weeping but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I ll weep —O, fool, I shall go mad !

Act II S 4

VIII

LEAR *in the storm*.—EDGAR *disguised as a madman*

“ KLNT. What art thou that dost grumble there i’ the straw ? Come forth

EDG Away ! the foul fiend follows me !—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind
Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

LEAR Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ?

Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this ? Consider him well thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume —ha ! here ’s three of us are sophisticated ! Thou art the thing itself, unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art —Off, off, you lendings —come, unbutton here

(*Tearing off his clothes*)

FOOL Pitythee, nuncle, be contented, this is a naughty night to swim in ”

(GLOSTER *with a torch comes to seek* LEAR)

ACT III S 4

IX

GLOSTER *having assisted LEAR to join CORDELIA
 & he had landed at Dover, is punished by CORNWALL,
 who plucks out his eyes*

' GLOS He, that will think to live till he be old,
 Give me some help — O cruel ! O ye gods !

REG One side will mock another the other too

SERV Hold your hand my lord
 I have served you ever since I was a child
 But better service have I never done you
 Than now to bid you hold

CORN My villain ! *(Draws and runs at him)*

SERV Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger
(They fight, CORNWALL is wounded)

REG *(To another Servant)* Give me thy sword — A
 peasant stand up thus !

(Snatches a sword, comes behind and stabs him)

ACT III S 7

X

GLOSTER *having had both eyes torn out, is committed
by the servant to EDGAR's charge*

"GLOS. . . . Dost thou know Dove?"

EDG. Ay, master

GLOS There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repay the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me from that place
I shall no leading need.

EDG Give me thine arm,
Poor Tom shall lead thee."

ACT IV. S 1

XI.

GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Steward*

"GON. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this, spare speech,
(Gives a favour)
Decline your head this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spouts up into the air,—
Conceive, and fare thee well

EDM. Yours in the ranks of death

GON My most dear Gloucester!"

ACT IV S 2

XII

CORDELIA *receiving the account of her father's state*

" — once, or twice, she heaved the name of *father*
 Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart
 Cried, *Sisters' sisters'—Shame of ladies' sisters'*
Kent' father' sisters' What? 1 the storm? 1 the night?
Let it not be believed' There she shook
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes
 And clamour moisten'd

ACT IV S 3

XIII

LEAR *mad, fantastically dressed up with flowers*

" LEAR It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt I'll put it to the proof
 And when I have stolen upon these sons in law
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill kill kill

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants

GENT O, here he is lay hands upon him —Sir,
 Your most dear daughter——

ACT IV S 6

LEAR *and* CORDELIA

XVI

REGAN *takes EDMUND as her husband, LEAR and CORDELIA having been defeated and made prisoners*

“ REG

General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony
Dispose of them, of me the walls are thine
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master

GON Mean you to enjoy him ?

ALB The let alone lies not in thy goodwill

EDM Nor in thine, lord

ALB Half blooded fellow yes

Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent (*pointing to GON*)—for your claim,
fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banns
If you will marry, make your love to me
My lady is bespoke

ACT V S 3

XIX

LEAR *and* CORDELIA *dead*

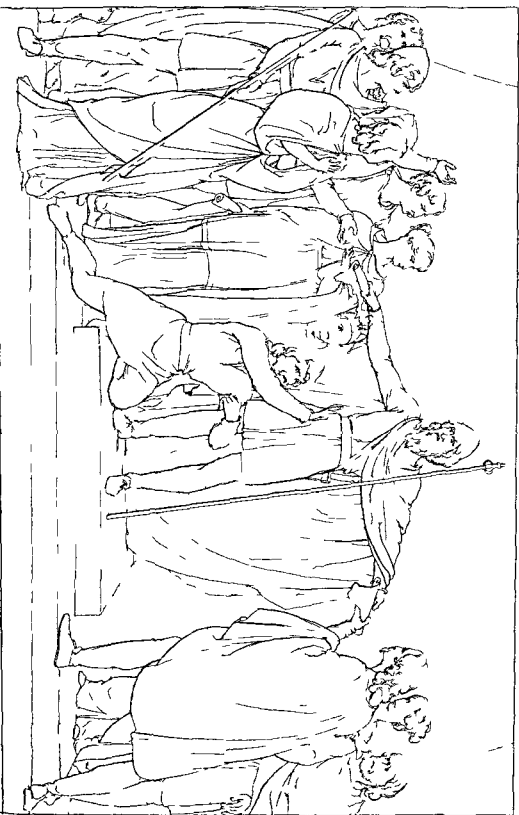
LDC He faints '—My lord my lord '
 KENT Break, heart—I pry thee, break '
 IDC Look up my lord
 KENT Vex not his ghost —O, let him pass '
 LDC O, he's gone indeed '
ACT V S 3

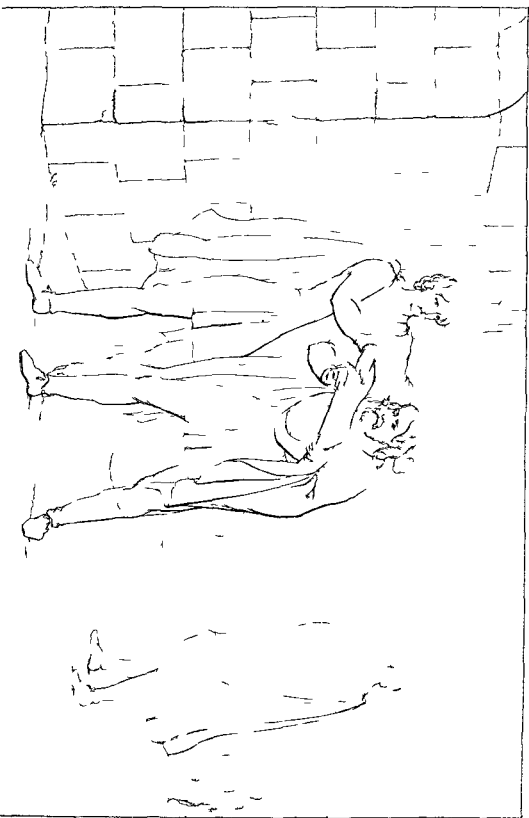
REGAN *and* GONERIL *both lying dead*

EDM The one the other poison'd for my sake
 And after slew herself "

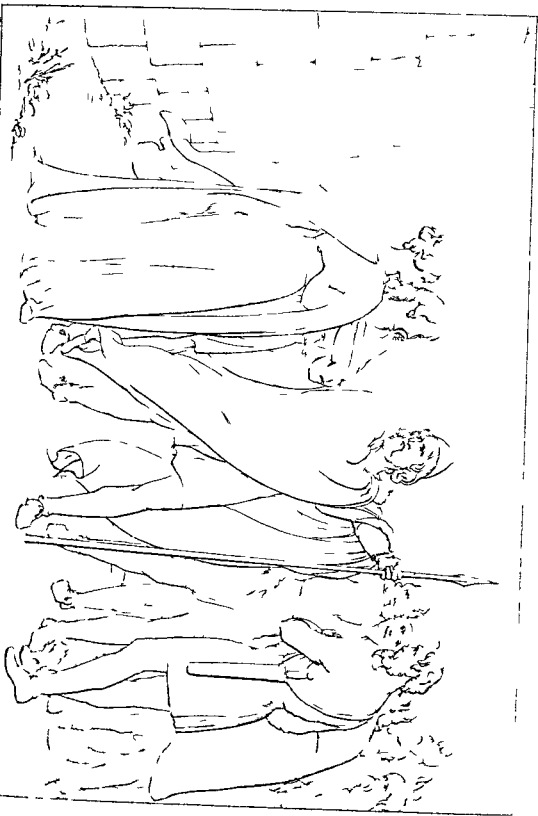
ACT V S 3

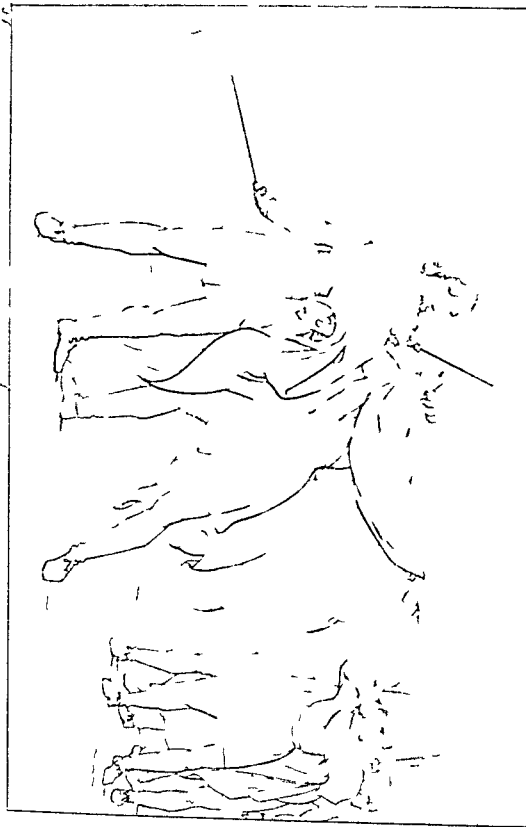
LDMUND *also lies dead*

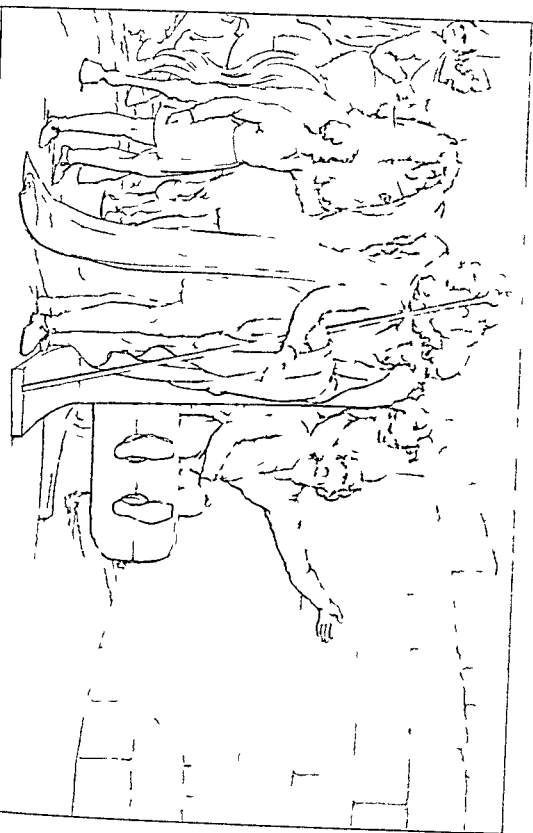


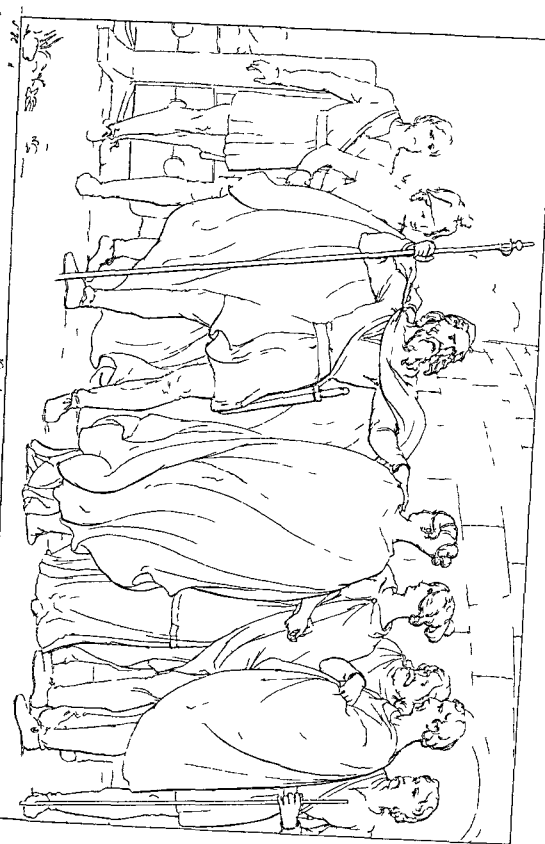


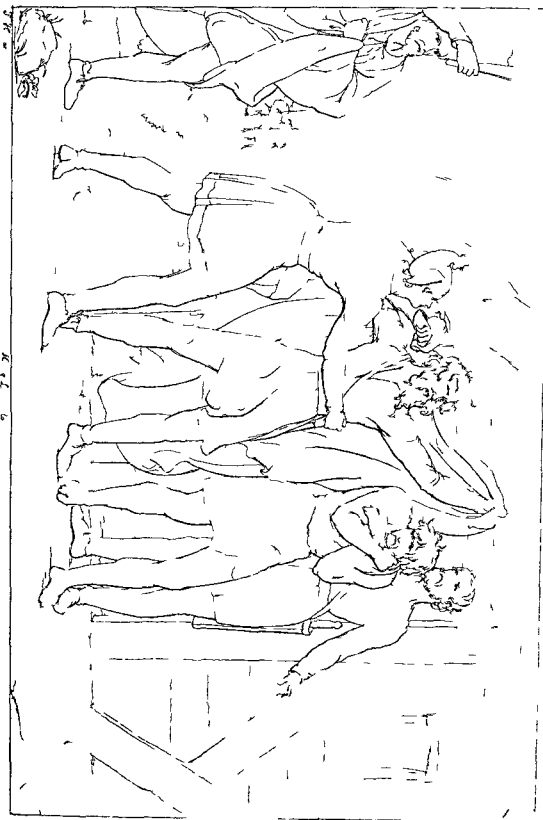




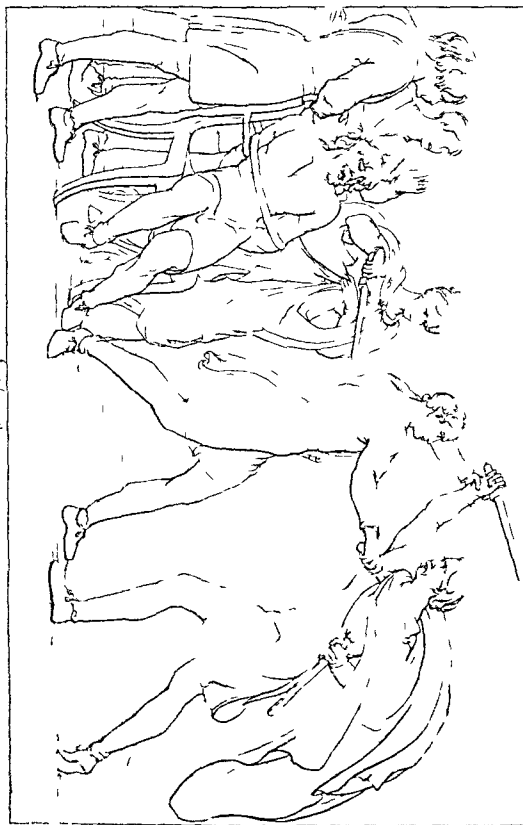


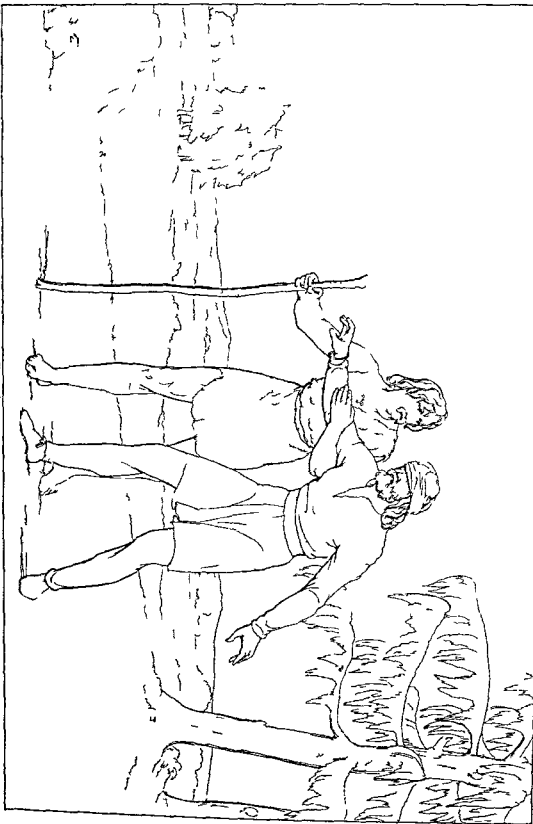




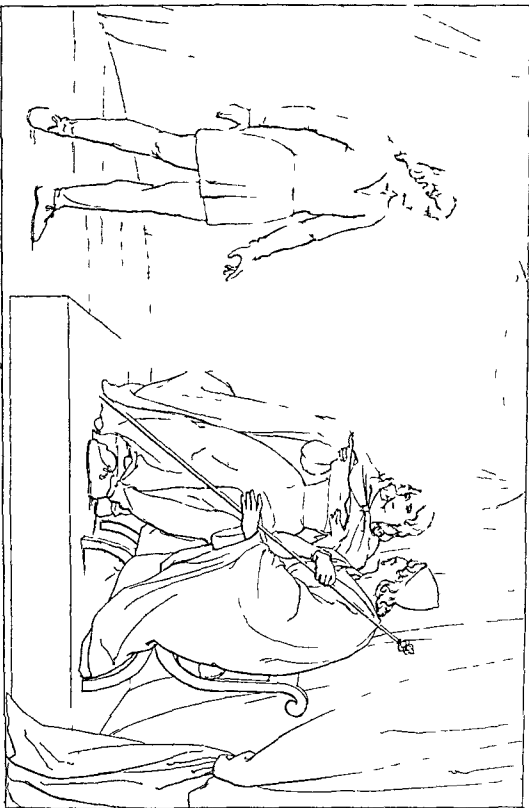




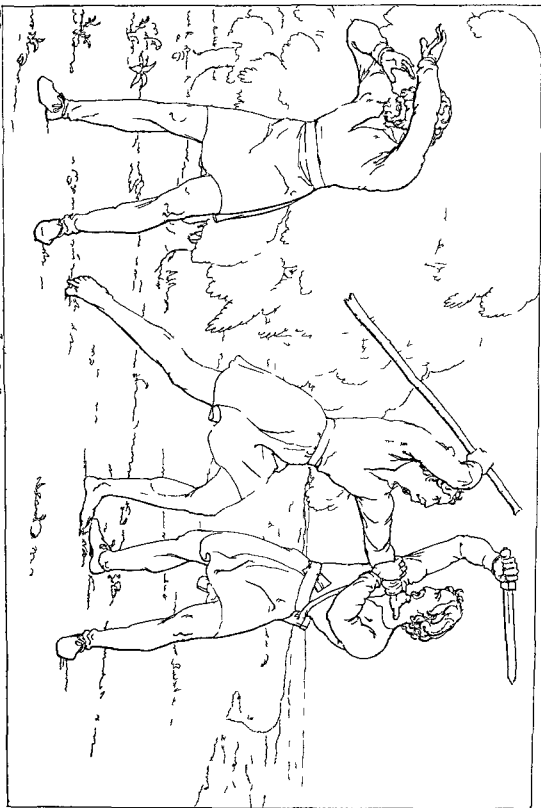


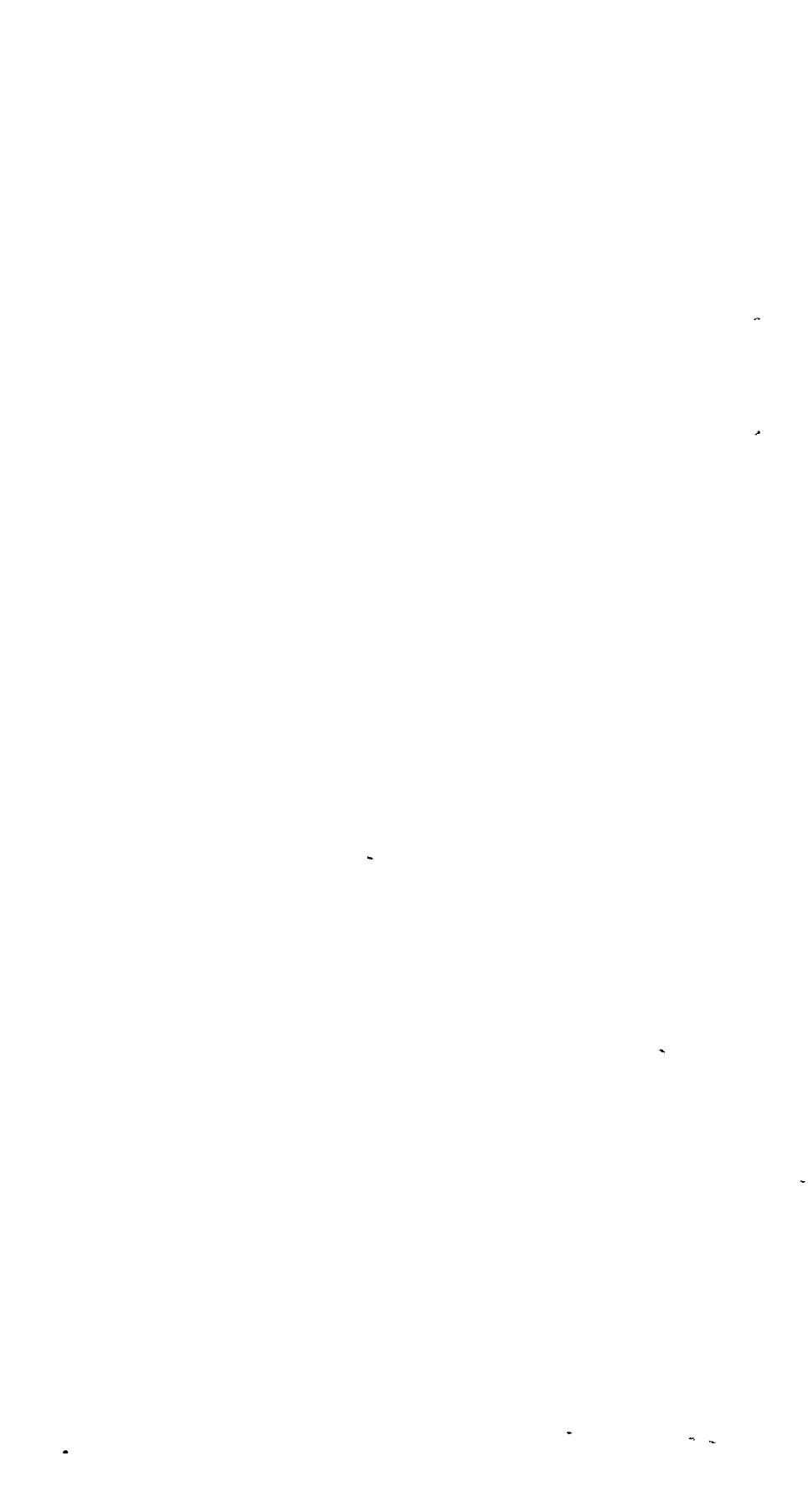








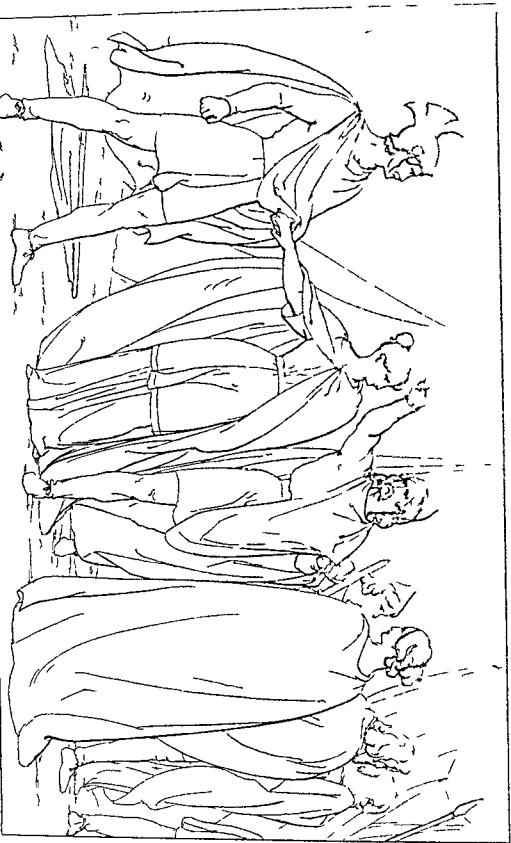




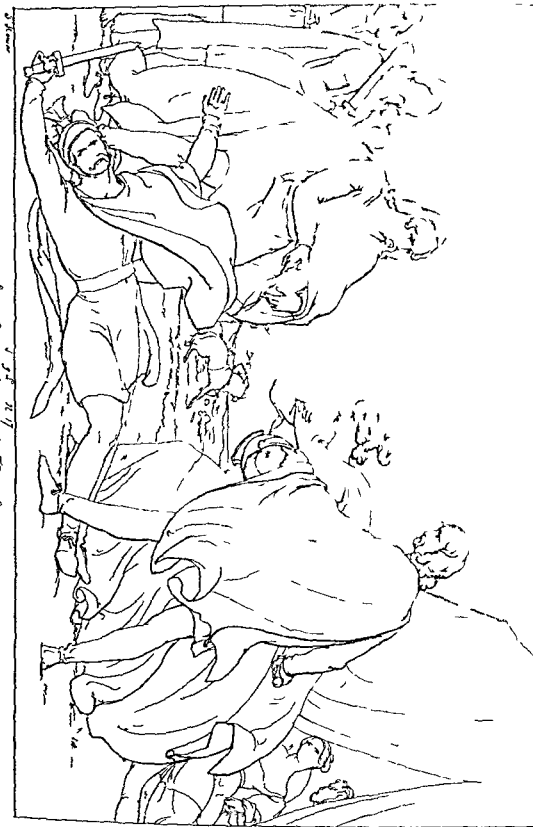


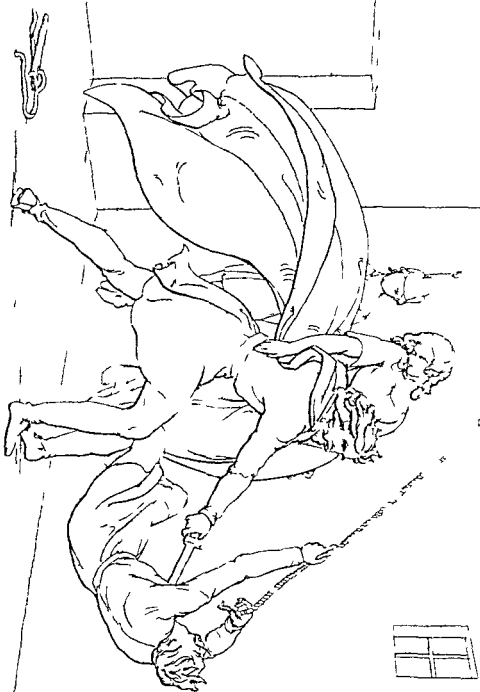
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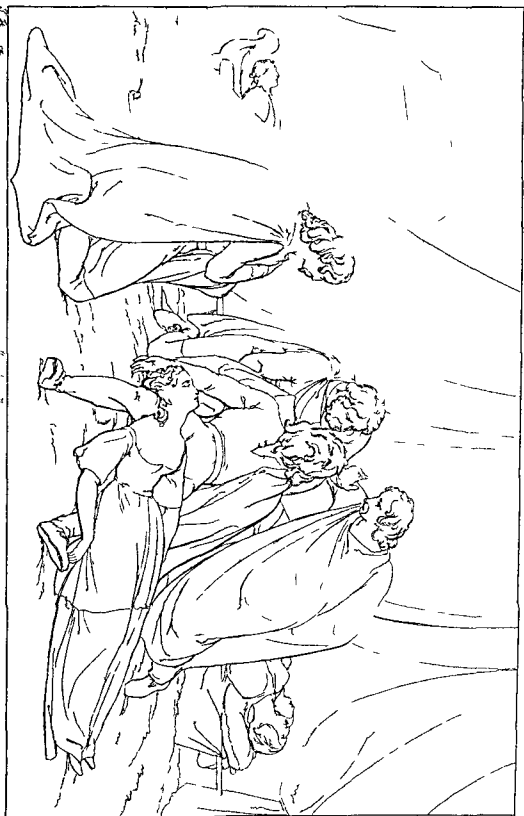
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1917
March 1917
to 1917







ROMEO AND JULIET

TWELVE PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD

I

The Masquerade

“ROM If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss

JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss

ROM Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JUL Ay, pilgrim, lips they must use in prayer

ROM. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair”

ACT I S. 5

II

JULIET *in the balcony* — ROMEO *in the garden*

“ ROM. But soft, what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

O that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek!

JUL.

Ah me!

ROM.

She speaks

O speak again bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air

JUL. O Romeo Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet

ACT II S 2

III.

ROMEO *and* JULIET *meet at* FRIAR LAWRENCE's
cell to be married

“ROM. Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JUL Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth”

ACT II. S 6

IV

ROMEO *parting* TYBALT *and* MERCUTIO

“ROM Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage —Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets hold, Tybalt, good Mercutio

MER I am hurt —
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped —

Why, the devil, came you between us? I was
Hurt under your arm”

ACT III S 1.

V

ROMEO, *after the death of MERCUTIO, meets TYBALT, fights with, and kills him*

“BEV Romeo, away ! begone !
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain
Stand not amazed —the prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken —hence !—begone !—away !

Row O! I am fortune's fool!

BEV Why dost thou stay?

АСТ III S i

In the back ground the citizens are bringing MERCURIO out from the house he had been carried to, and are placing him upon a bier. The PRINCE, CAPULET, MONTAGUE, and their wives, coming up

VI

ROMEO *banished for killing TYBALT, takes leave of*
JULIET

"ROW Farewell, Farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend

Acl III S 5

VII.

JULIET *takes a sleeping draught to avoid the marriage with the County* PARIS, *determined by her father and mother.*

“JUL. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet
again,

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse!—what should she do here?

My dismal scenes I needs must act alone —

Come, phial —

What if this mixture do not work at all,

Must I of force be married to the county?

No, no,—this shall forbid it he thou there ”

(Laying down a dagger.)

ACT IV S. 3.

VIII

JULIET *discovered*

“NURSE What, dress’d! and in your clothes! and
 down again!

I needs must wake you lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—help! help! my lady’s dead!

O! welladay that ever I was born!

Some aqua vita, ho!—my lord! my lady!

LADY C Alack the day! she’s dead, she’s dead, she’s
 dead!

CAP Ha! let me see her

PAN Have I thought long to see this morning’s face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

ACT IV S 5

XI

FRIAR LAWRENCE *comes to the monument* JULIET
wakes

“FRIAR. Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris
too?

And steep’d in blood? ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs

(JULIET *wakes and stirs*)

JUL. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am;—where is my Romeo?

(*Noise within*)

FRIAR. I hear some noise,—lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents—come, come away—
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead!
And Paris too—Come, I’ll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming
Come go, good Juliet—(*noise again*)—I dare stay no
longer”

ACT V. S. 3.

XII

“JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away —
 What *s* here? a cup closed in my true love *s* hand!
 Poison, I see, hath been his untimely end —
 O churl! drink all and leave no friendly drop
 To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips
 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
 To make me die with a restorative

(*Kisses him*)

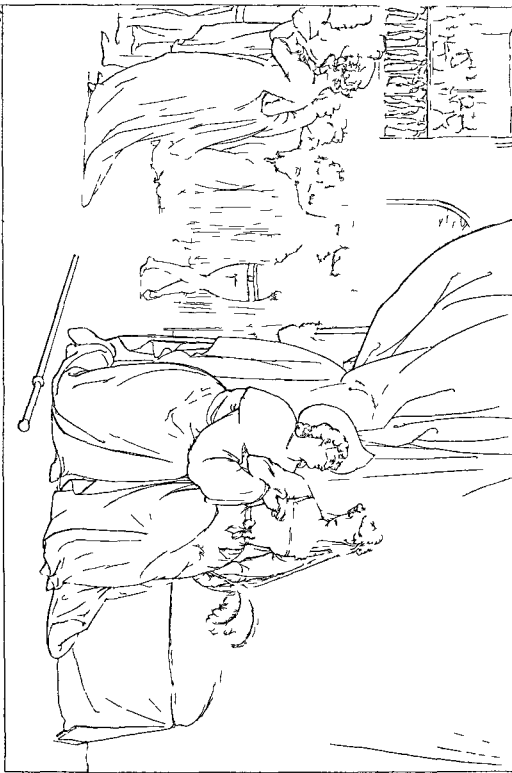
Thy lips are warm

WATCH (*Within*) Lead, boy —which way?

JUL. Yea, noise? then I ll be brief —O happy dagger!
 (*Snatching ROMEO *s* dagger*)

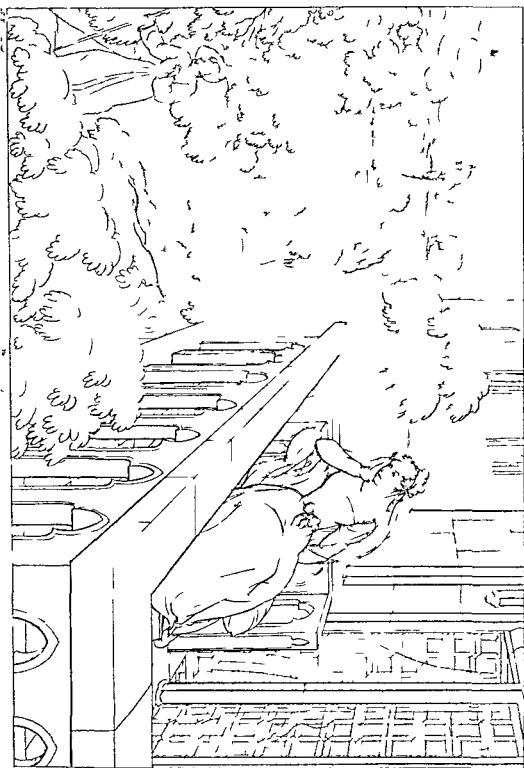
This is thy sheath—(*stabs herself*)—there rust, and let me
 die ”

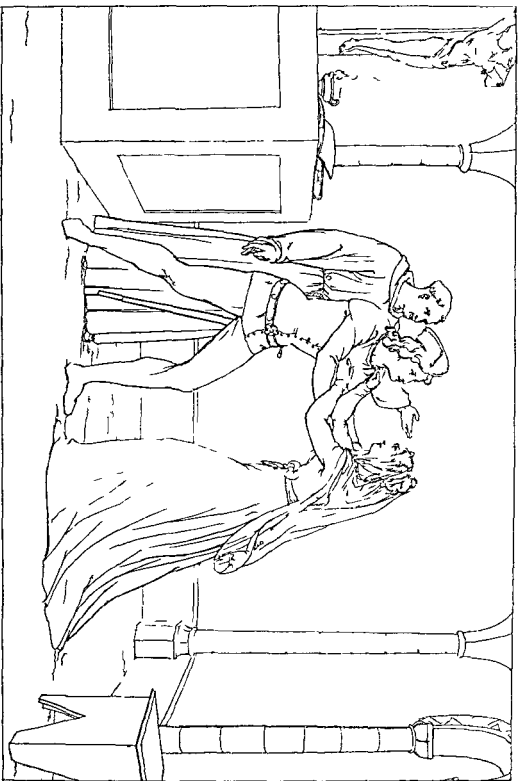
ACT V S 3

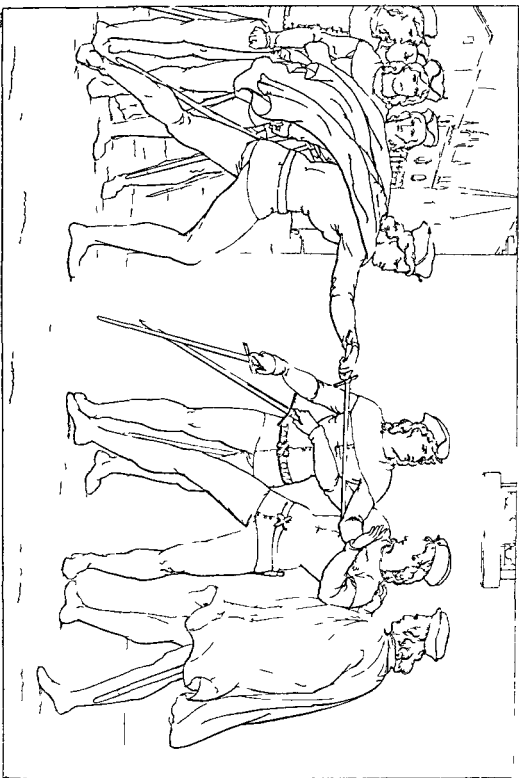


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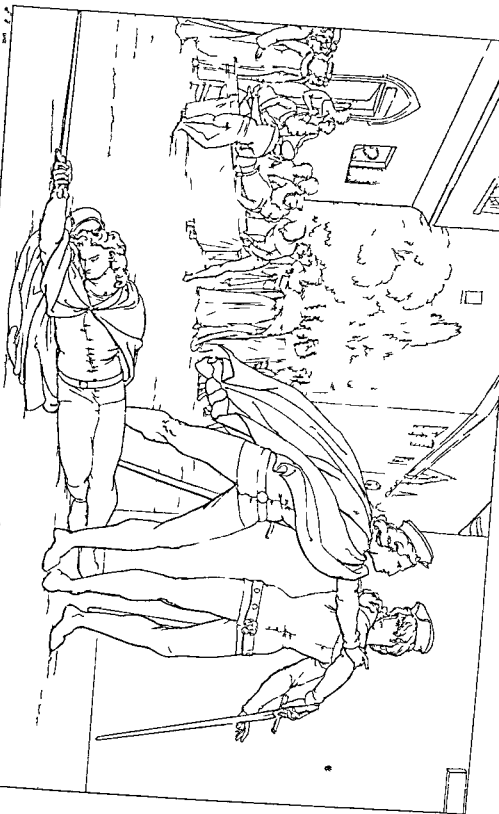




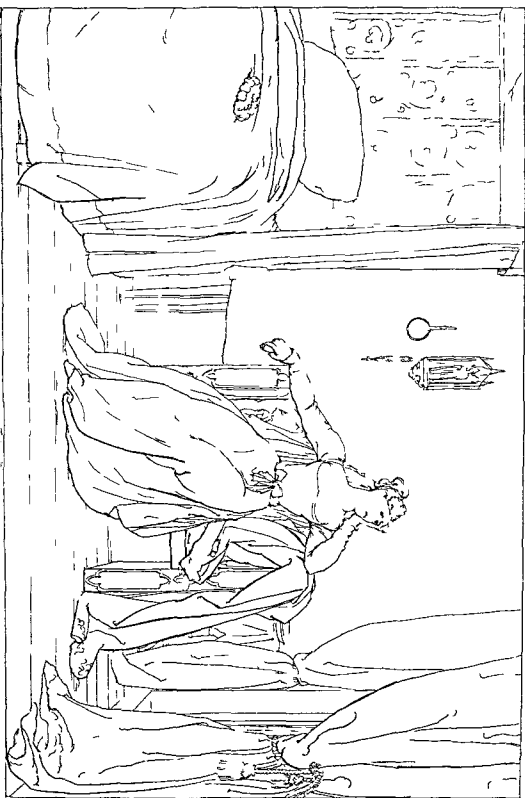




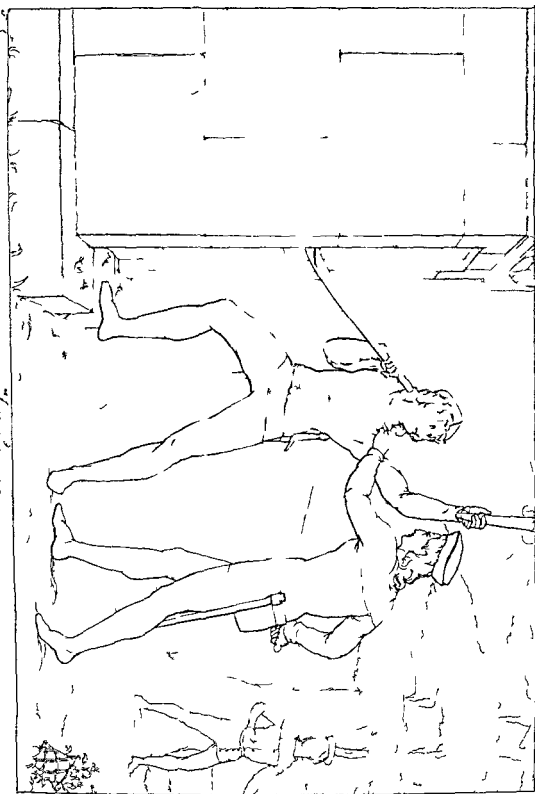
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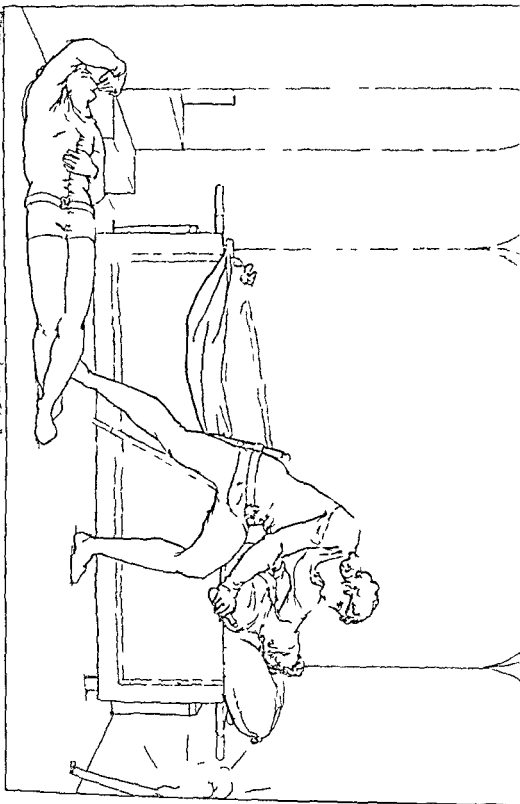




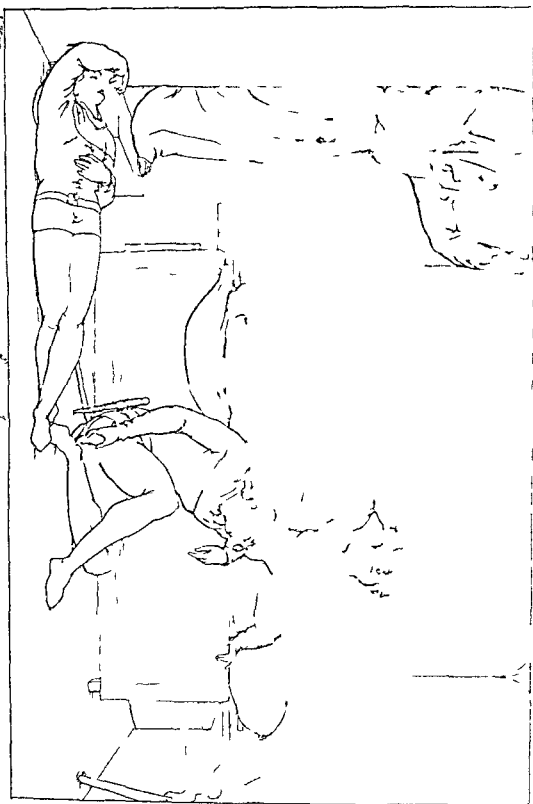


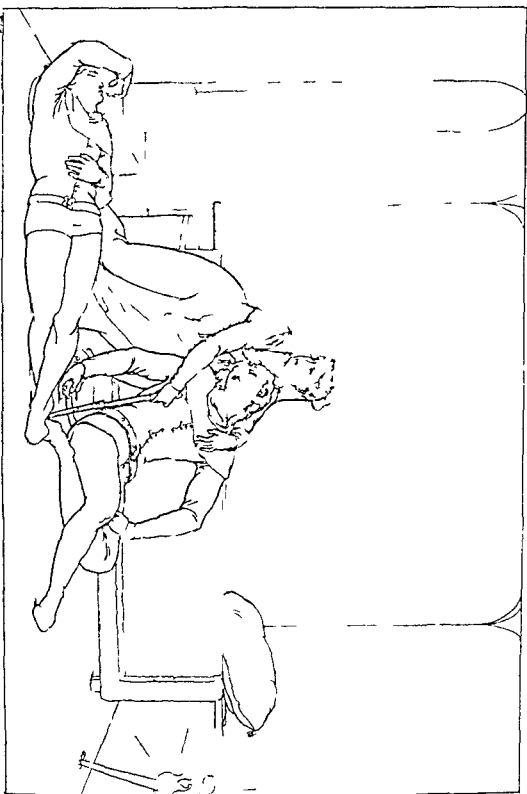






From our 2nd floor N. T. 1 2 8 am





H A M L E T

TWELVE PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

HAMLET

THE chief beauties of this celebrated tragedy being the soliloquies and dialogues, it cannot be expected to furnish so many subjects for the pencil as others perhaps inferior in poetical merit, nor can it be expected that so much of the spirit of the original should be kept up. Many of the most striking scenes are so dependent upon the reasoning and philosophy of *HAMLET*, and are so totally without action, that it is not possible to represent them, nor would they be of any interest if attempted. Such scenes, therefore, have been taken as are necessary to the conduct of the story, and are adapted to the art of the painter. The sea adventure has been omitted for the above mentioned reasons, the subject in itself being totally inexplicable without the words of the KING's message to England, and affording no scope for the pencil. The GRAVE DIGGERS have been omitted for the same reason.

I

“ GHOST Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment . . .

ACT I. S. 5.

II.

LAERTES *leaving the court*

“ KING. And now, Laertes, what’s the news with
you?
You told us of some suit what is ’t, Laertes?

LAERT. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France ,
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation ,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon

KING. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POL He hath, my lord "

ACT I S. 2.

ACT I S 4

V.

“ OPH. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a look so piteous in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

He took me by the wist, and held me hard,
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;

And falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it ”

ACT II. S. 1.

VI.

HAMLET *and* OPHELIA.—KING, POLONIUS,
and QUEEN *in the background*.

“ HAM. Get thee to a nunnery . . . we are arrant
 knaves all, believe none of us —Go thy ways to a
 nunnery. Where's your father ?

OPH O, help him, you sweet heavens !

KING. Love ! his affections do not that way tend,
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. . . .

. . . He shall with speed to England.

POL It shall do well but yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love ”

ACT III S. 1

VII

The play

“HAM He poisons him i the garden for his estate
His name's Gonzago the story is extant, and written in
very choice Italian You shall see anon, how the murderer
gets the love of Gonzago's wife

OPH The king rises

HAM What! frightened with false fire!

QUEEN How fares my lord?

POL Give o'er the play

KING Give me some light —Away!

ACT III S 2

VIII

QUEEN, HAMLET, GHOST

HAM Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN Alas! he's mad

HAM Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O say!

QUEEN Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

ACT III S 1

IX.

OPHELIA *mad*

“ LAERT. O heat, dry up my brains ! tears, seven
 times salt,
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !
 By heaven ! thy madness shall be paid with weight,
 Till our scale turn the beam O rose of May !
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !

 Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
 It could not move thus.

OPH There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray
 you, love, remember and there is pansies, that's for
 thoughts There's rue for you, and here's some
 for me.”

ACT IV S 5.

X.

Death of OPHELIA

“ QUEEN Your sister's down'd, Laertes

 There is a willow grows ascant the brook,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream

 There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook ”

ACT IV. S 7

NI

The KING having suggested to LAERTES that
HAMLET

(“ Being remiss,

Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils so thart, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father)

And the following arrangement having been made by them,

“ LAERT I will do t
And, for the purpose, I ll anoint my sword
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal,
I ll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death

KING When in your motion you are hot and dry
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferred him
A chalice for the nonce whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck
Our purpose may hold there

ACT IV S 7

“LAERT This is too heavy let me see another
HAM This likes me well—These foils have all a
length?
OSRIC Ay, my good lord

Ac1 Y S 2

XII

“ OSRIC How is 't, Laertes ?

LAERT. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
 Osric,

I am justly killed with mine own treachery

HAM How does the queen ?

KING She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN No, no,—the drink, the drink !—O my dear
 Hamlet !

The drink, the drink !—I 'm poison'd !

HAM O villany !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd
Treachery ! seek it out.

LAERT It is here, Hamlet —Hamlet, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good
In thee there is not half an hour's life,
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd — . . .

. Thy mother 's poison'd.

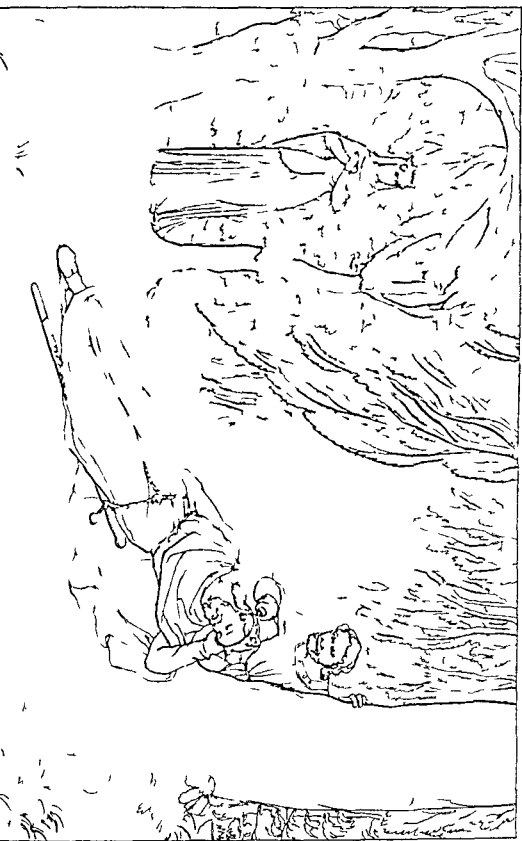
I can no more, the king—the king 's to blame

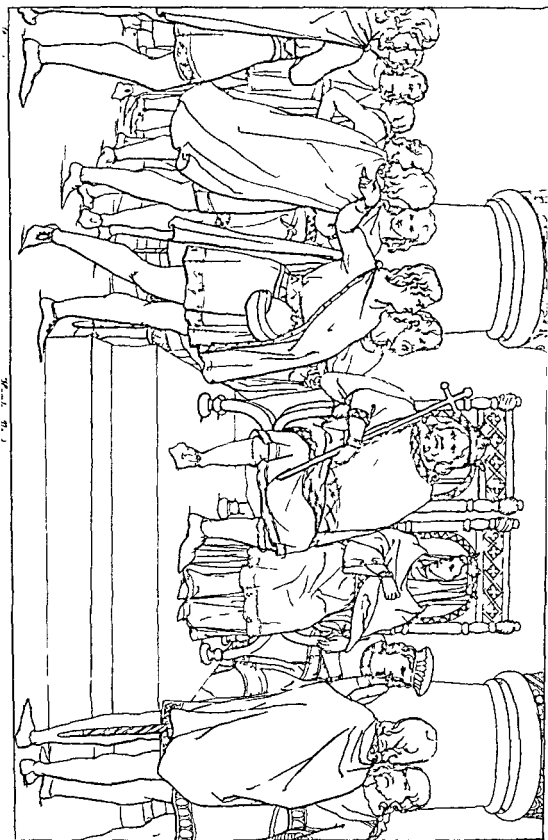
HAM. The point

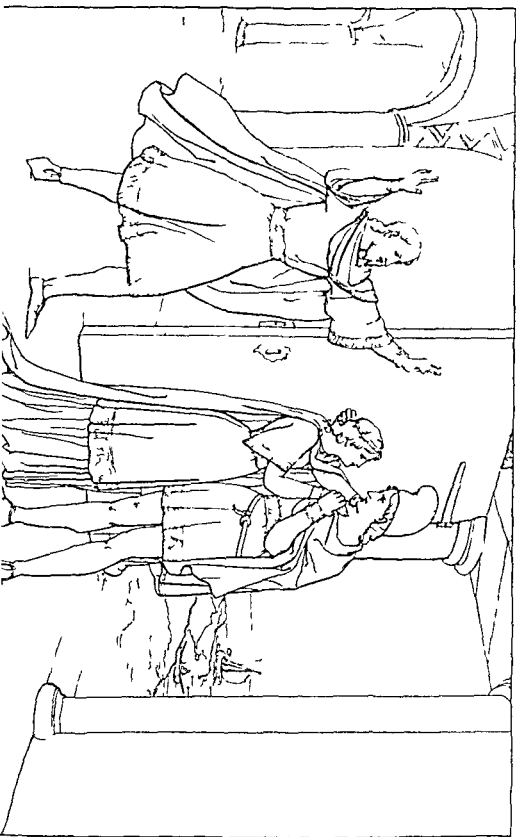
Envenom'd too ! Then, venom, do thy work

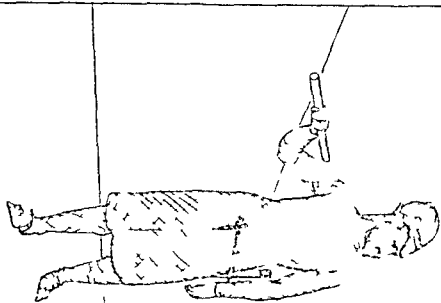
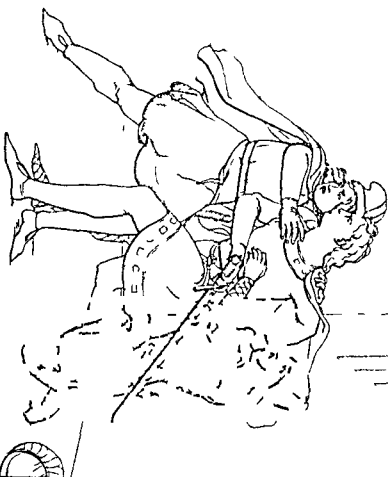
ALL Treason ! treason !”

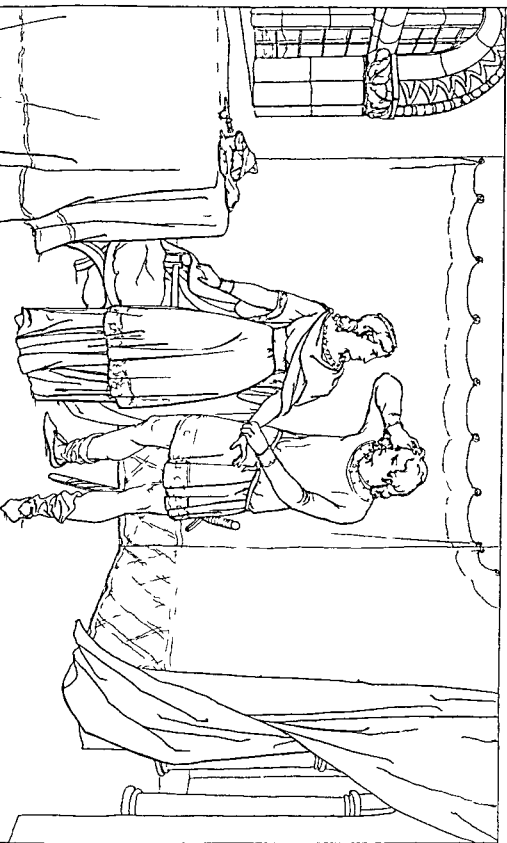
ACT V S 2.

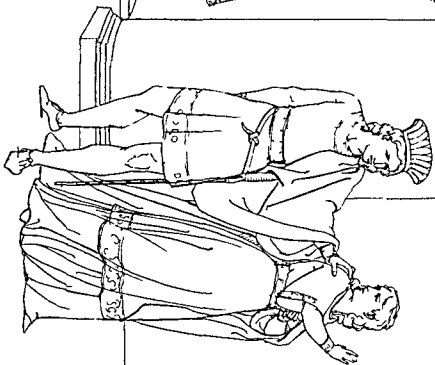
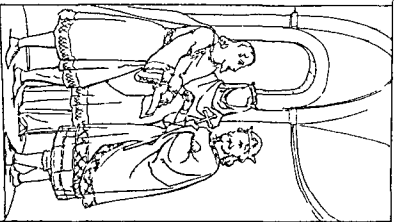


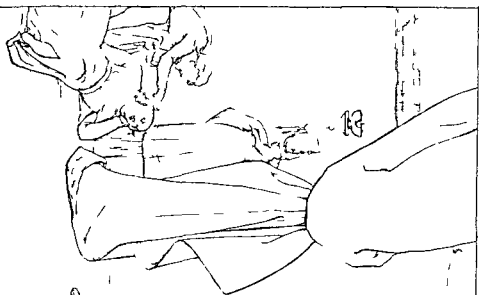


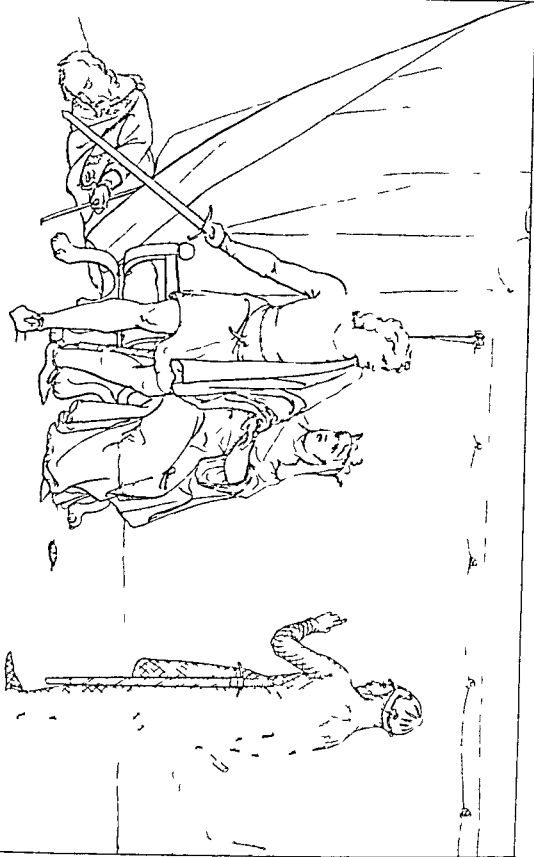


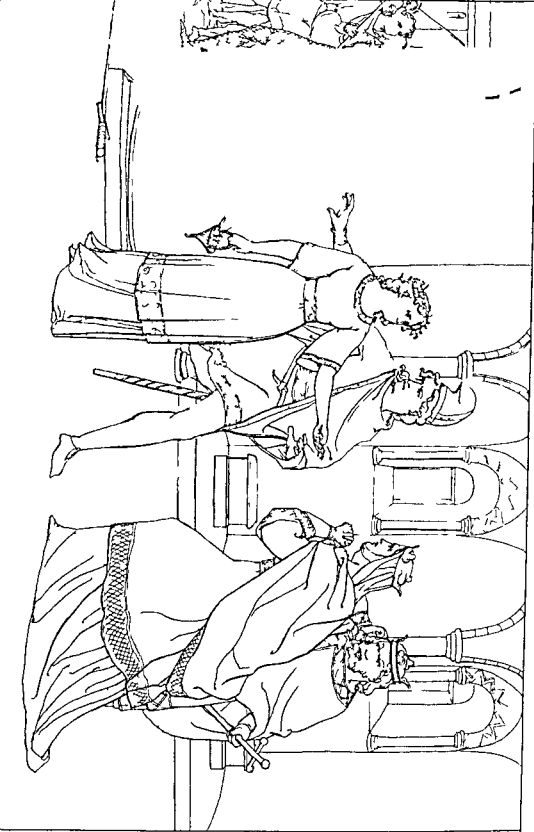


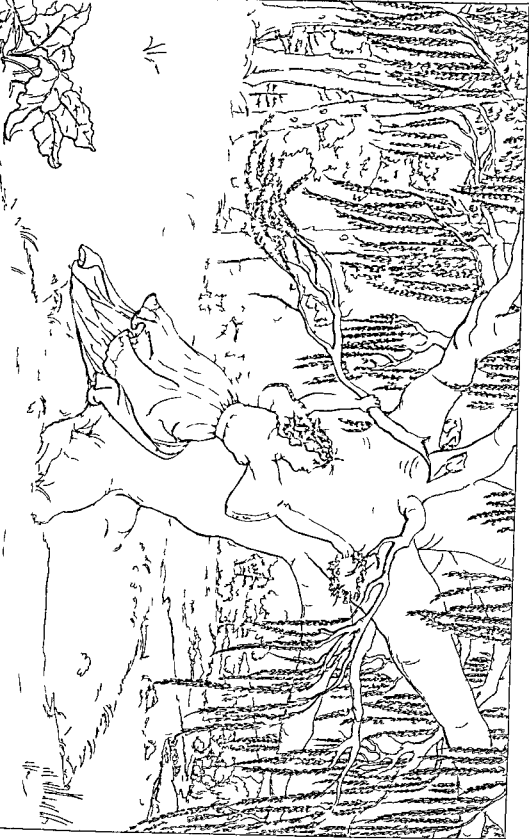


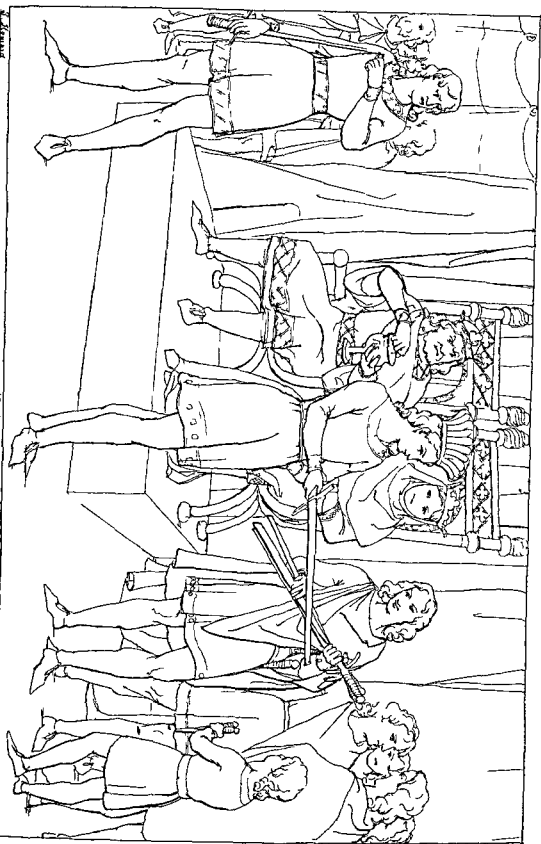














OTHELLO

TEN PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD

I.

OTHELLO *relating his adventures to* BRABANTIO
and DESDEMONA ,

“ OTH Her father loved me , oft invited me ,
Still question'd me the story of my life

.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.”

ACT I S. 3

II

OTHELLO *pleading before the* DOGE *to* BRABANTIO *s*
accusation of having beguiled the affections of DES-
DEMONA

"OTH My story being done,
she thank'd me

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her Upon this hint I spake
(IAGO, in the back ground, is persuading RODRIGO to renew his suit to DESDEMONA)

Rod I will incontinently drown myself

IAGO Well, if thou dost I shall never love thee after it

Come, be a man Drown thyself? drown cats and blind
puppies!

It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her
love to the Moor

If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian
and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits
and all the tribe of hell thou shalt enjoy her

Put money enough in thy purse

ACT I S 3

III.

CASSIO's *drunken squabble with* RODERIGO, *continued*
by IAGO

"CAS A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle

ROD Beat me!

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue?

(*Striking him.*)

MON Nay, good lieutenant,
I pray you, sir, hold your hand

CAS Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard

IAGO to ROD Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants

OTH. What's the matter here?"

ACT II. S 3.

IV

IAGO "*abusing* OTHELLO *s* ear, that he (CASSIO)
 " *is too familiar with his wife* "—CASSIO *entreating*
 DESDEMONA *s* assistance to obtain his reinstatement
 as lieutenant, of which office he had been deprived for
 his drunkenness

" Drs Be thou assured, good Cassio I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf

CASS Madam, I ll take my leave
 (*The fatal handkerchief is seen in the hands of*
 DESDEMONA)

IAGO Ha ! I like not that

OTH What dost thou say?

IAGO Nothing, my lord or if—I know not what

OTH Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

ACT III S 3

Y.

" IAGO Do but enslave yourself,
and mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
that dwell in every region of his face ,
or I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife —
say, but mark his gesture

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio . . .
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad,
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong . . .

OTH Iago beckons me, now he begins the story.

(Aside)

CASS She was here even now, she haunts me in every place I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble. By this hand, she falls thus about my neck—

ORH Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were, his gesture imports it

CASS So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so
hales, and pulls me ha, ha, ha!—

OTH Now he tells how she pluck'd him to my chamber

Enter BIANCA

BIAN What did you mean by that same handkerchief
you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it I
must take out the whole work? There,—give it your
hobby horse wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no
work on't

OTH By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief!"

ACT IV S 1

VI.

OTHELLO *taxes* DESDEMONA *with misconduct.*

" OTH Let me see your eyes ;
Look in my face.

DEs. What horrible fancy's this?

OTH O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience but, alas! to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

01 01—

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up, to be discarded thence !

DES I hope my noble lord esteems me honest

OTH. O, ay ! as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed !”

Act IV S 2.

VII

RODERIGO, *urged by IAGO, attacks CASSIO*

“ Rod I'll now lay my hand on his heart — Villain, thou diest
(Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO)

Cass That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou thinkest
 I will make proof of thine

(Draws, and wounds RODERIGO)

Rod O, I am slain!

(IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exits)

Act V S 1

VIII

OTHELLO *about to murder DESDEMONA*

“ Oth It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
 It is the cause — Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster

(Takes off his sword)

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men

Act V S 2

V

IAGO enters. Enter CASSIO *in post* in a hurry,
with his dog *Leontes*.

Othello. Othello. If say you in your letters
When you shall these unlucky days relate
Speak of me as I am rather than as he
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd no wisely but too well.

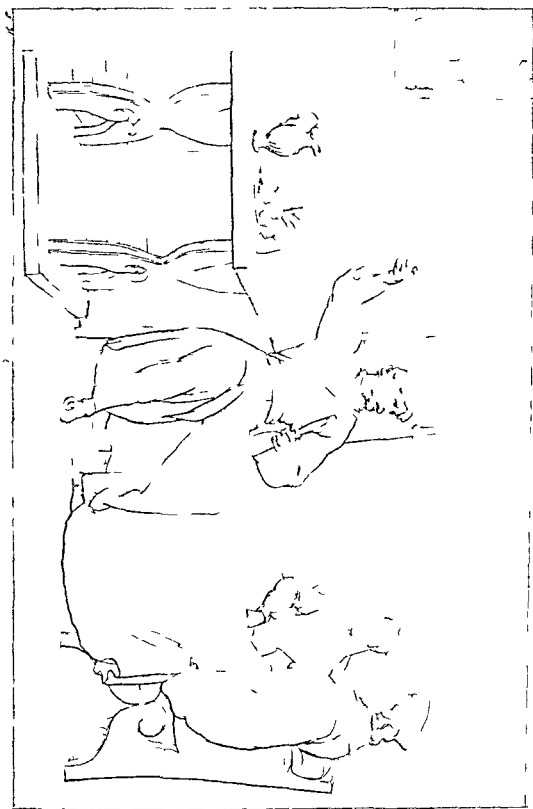
Set you down this

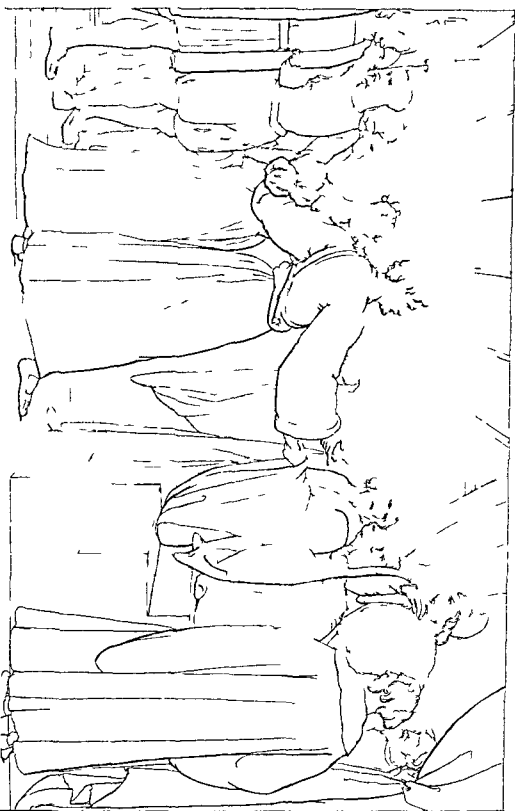
And say he lov'd,—that is, I loved,—
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Betrays a Venetian and to breed the hate
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smother'd him—thus.

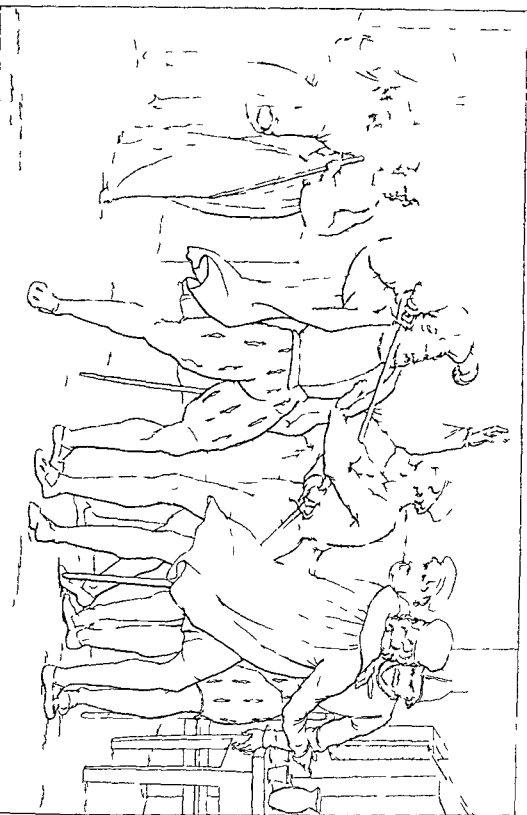
(*Strikes himself*)

Leon. O bloody period!

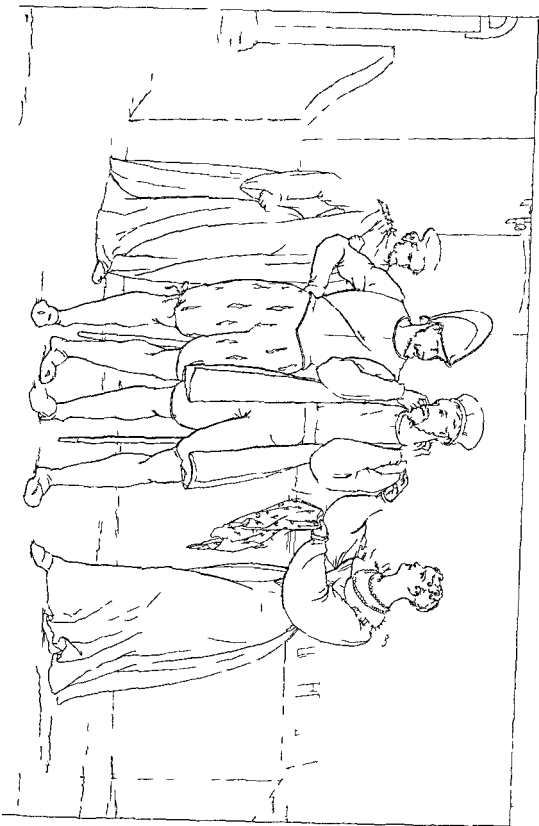
Act V. S. 2

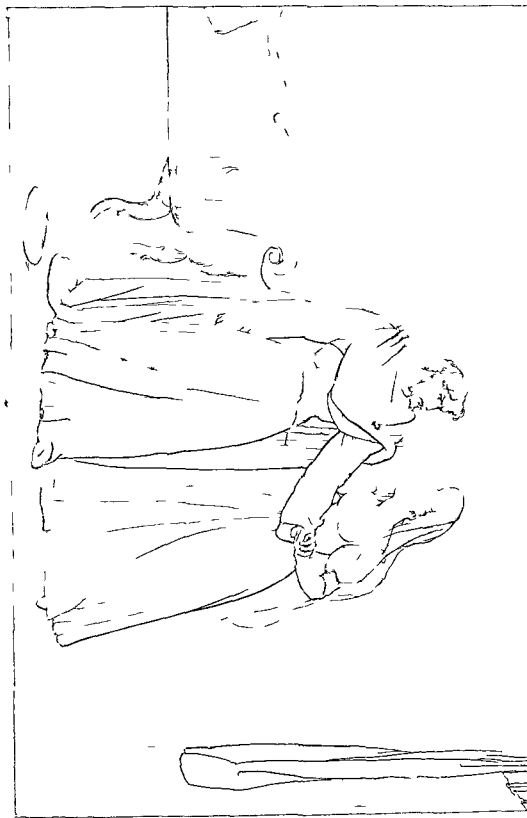


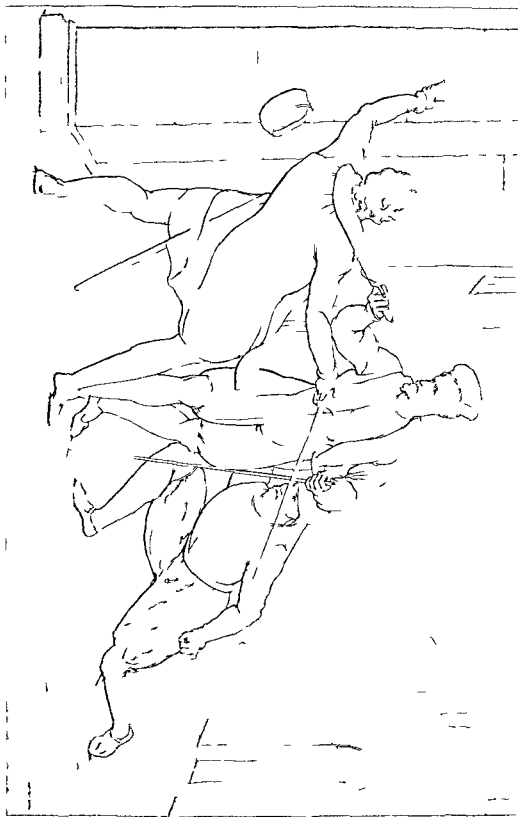




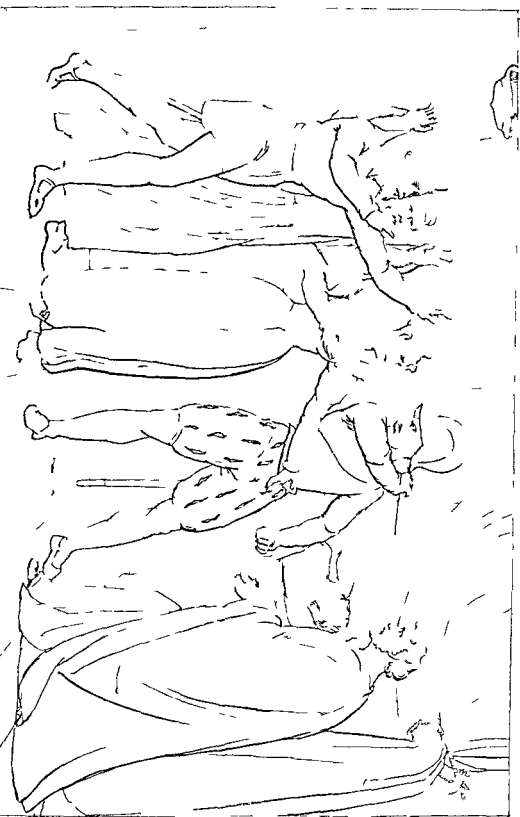


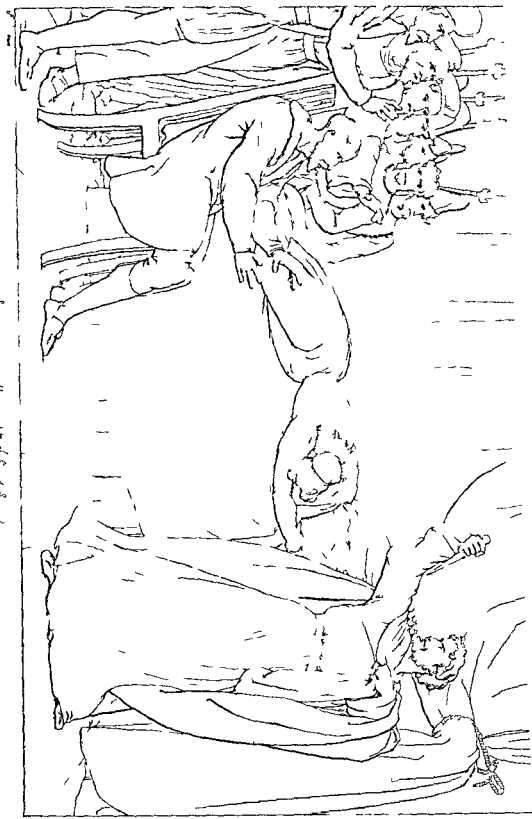












TITUS ANDRONICUS

THIRTEEN PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

TITUS ANDRONICUS

THE universal horror excited by the incidents of this dreadful tragedy has induced a hope among the admirers of Shakspeare, that it did not really come from his pen, but there are so many marks of transcendent power in the writing, that the doubt can not be cherished. And there is another merit of the highest quality in the present subject, which ought to obtain for it a more patient and favourable examination. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is perhaps, the most moral of all the dramas attributed to our great poet. The misfortunes of each party, dreadful or disgusting as they may be deemed, are all the consequence of their own misconduct. The cruelty of TITUS and his sons in sacrificing ALARBUS, excited the enmity of TAMORA. TITUS's disregard of the betrothal of LAVINIA to BASSIANUS furnished the pretext for SATURNINUS's persecution of him. LAVINIA would have escaped her dreadful fate had she not, with BASSIANUS, vented her taunts and reproaches upon TAMORA. TAMORA,

CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS did their utmost to desert their fate; and SATURNINUS was justly punished for his ingratitude to TITUS. The punishment of AARON, the instigator and reveller in all the mischief and misery, seems hardly adequate to his crimes; but from his insensibility to suffering, and his atrocious disposition, he is probably meant as a personification of “the Tempter walking to and fro upon the earth, seeking whom he may devour.”

I

TITUS ANDRONICUS *delivering* ALARBUS *to be sacrificed to the manes of his sons, killed in battle with the Goths* TAMORA *entreats for her son's life—* SATURNINUS *and BASSIANUS, at the head of their respective parties, coming to ask the suffrage of TITUS for the empire* SATURNINUS *is admiring* TAMORA

“Luc Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth

TIT I give him you the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen

TAM Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge
Thrice noble Titus spare my first born son

TIT Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice
To this your son is mark'd and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone

ACT I S 2

II

SATURNINUS, *having been chosen emperor at the instance of TITUS, offers his hand to LAVINIA, but immediately pays his court to TAMORA.—BASSIANUS, assisted by MARCUS ANDRONICUS, and the sons of TITUS, claims LAVINIA as his betrothed TITUS resists, and kills MUTIUS, his son, who opposes him*

“ SAT. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew —
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome
Princely shall be thy usage every way
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths

BASS Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine
(*Seizing LAVINIA*)

MAR *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice
This prince in justice seizeth but his own

LUC And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live

TIT. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised

SAT Surprised! by whom?

BASS By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away

MUT. My lord, you pass not here

TIT.

What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome?"

(*Kills MUTIUS*)

ACT I S 2.

III

The murder of BASSIANUS by CHIRON and DEMETRIUS

“TAM But strught they told me, they would bind
me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death
And then they call d me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call d my children

DEM This is a witness that I am thy son
(Stabs BASSIANUS)

CHI And thus for me, strucl home to show my strength
(Stabs him like wise)

LAV For my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears

LAV Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless —
Remember, boys, I pour d forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice
But fierce Andronicus would not relent
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will
The worse to her, the better loved of me

ACT II S 3

IV.

AARON *leading MARTIUS and QUINTUS to the pit into which CHIRON and DEMETRIUS had thrown the body of BASSIANUS*

“AAR Come on, my lords; the better foot before
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep

(MARTIUS *falls into the pit.*)

QUIN. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is
this?

AAR. (*Aside*) Now will I fetch the king to find
them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess

How these were they that made away his brother”

ACT II S. 4

V

MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS *being found in the pit with the body of* BASSIANUS, *are condemned to death as his murderers*

TIT High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons—
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them——

SAT If it be proved! you see, it is apparent

TIT Yet let me be their bail

SAT Thou shalt not bail them see thou follow me
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers
Let them not speak a word their guilt is plain
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed

ACT II S 4

AARON *is producing the bag of gold hid by himself, stated in a letter, forged by himself also, to be for the reward of a huntsman for the murder of* BASSIANUS

VI.

AARON *pretends a message to have been sent from SATURNINUS, offering to pardon ANDRONICUS's sons, on condition of TITUS, MARCUS, or LUCIUS sending a hand as a ransom for their faults. Whilst MARCUS and LUCIUS go for an axe, TITUS asks AARON to cut his hand off.*

“TIT. Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.”

(AARON cuts off TITUS's hand)

ACT III. S. 1.

MARTIUS and QUINTUS *are seen going to execution.*
LAVINIA, *with her hands cut off and tongue cut out, is standing near*

VII

LAVINIA *making known her sufferings*—*The heads of MARTIUS and QUINTUS have been sent with TITUS's hand, returned in scorn*

“ MESS Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repud
For that good hand thou send'st the emperor
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back
Thy grief's their sport thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death

ACT III S 1

LAVINIA *takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her arms, and cries*

“ TIT O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius

MAR What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous bloody deed?”

ACT IV S 1

VIII.

*The NURSE bringing a blackamoor child, the son of
AARON and TAMORA*

“NURSE. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore

AAR. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?

NURSE Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point

CHI. It shall not live

AAR It shall not die.

NURSE. Aaron, it must. the mother wills it so

AAR What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEM I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon despatch it

AAR Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

(Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws)

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?”

ACT IV. S 2

IX

AARON *and his child brought before* LUCIUS, *who is become general of the Goths, "and threats, in course of this revenge, to do as much as ever CORIOLANUS did*

"GOTH Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray d,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall
I made unto the noise when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam'

*For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knows thou art the empress babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man*

LUC O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand
This is the pearl that pleased your empress eye
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust —
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl
A sight to vex the father's soul withal

AAR Lucius, save the child
And bear it from me to the empress
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but vengeance rot you all!

ACT V S I

VI

CHIRON and DEMETRIUS *having been left, under the names of Rapine and Murder, TITUS orders them to be bound*

“ CHIRON Villains, forbear ! we are the empress sons

PUB And therefore do we what we are commanded —
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word

*Enter TITUS, with LAVINIA she bearing a basin,
and he a knife*

TIT O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd

You kill'd her husband and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest

You know your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge and thinks me mad —

Hark, villains I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on

For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,

And worse than Progne I will be revenged

ACT V S 2

XII

The Banquet.

TITUS, *as a cook, waits upon* SATURNINUS *and*
TAMORA

“TIT. My lord, the emperor, resolve me this
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain’d, and deflower’d?”

SAT. It was, Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame

TIT. Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee

(*He kills LAVINIA*)

TAM. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

TIT. Not I, ’twas Chiron and Demetrius

They ravish’d her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, ’twas they that did her all this wrong

SAT. Go, fetch them hither presently

TIT. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof then mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred

’Tis true, ’tis true, witness my knife’s sharp point

(*Killing TAMORA*)

SAT. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed

(*Killing TITUS*)

LUC. Can the son’s eye behold his father bleed?

There’s meed for meed, death for a deadly deed”

(*Kills SATURNINUS.*)

ACT V. S. 3.

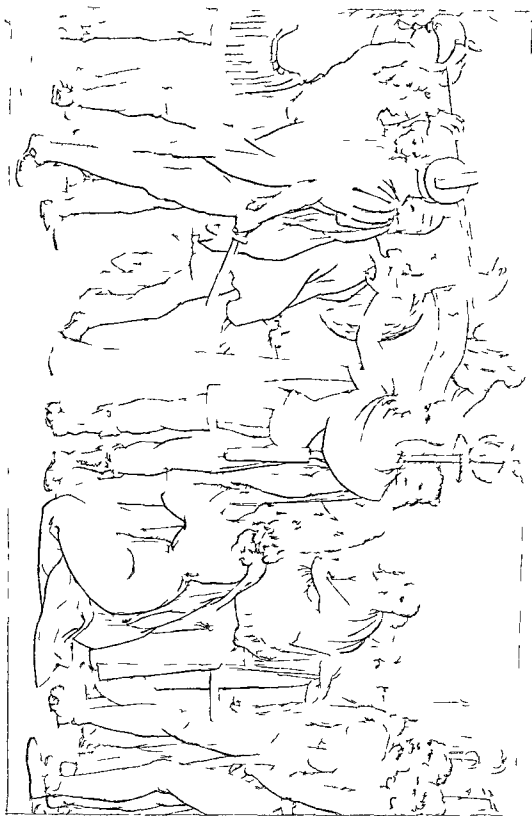
VIII

LUCIUS *is chosen emperor, and condemns AARON*

“ LUC Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies

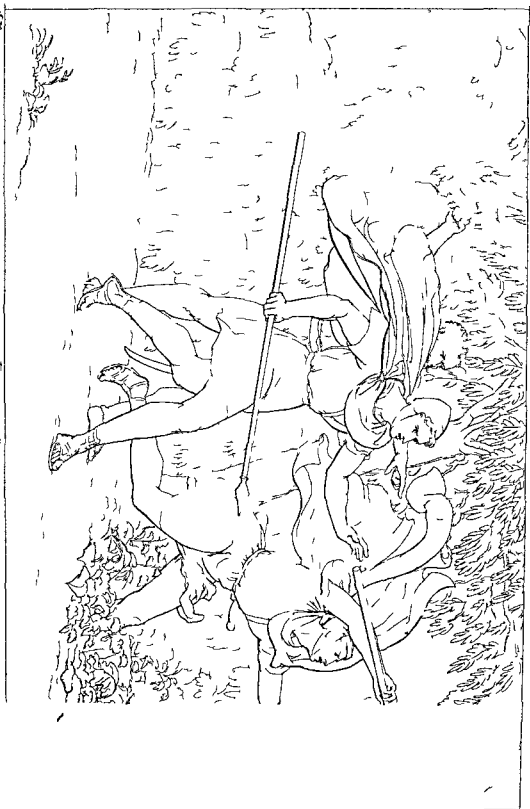
AAR O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul ”

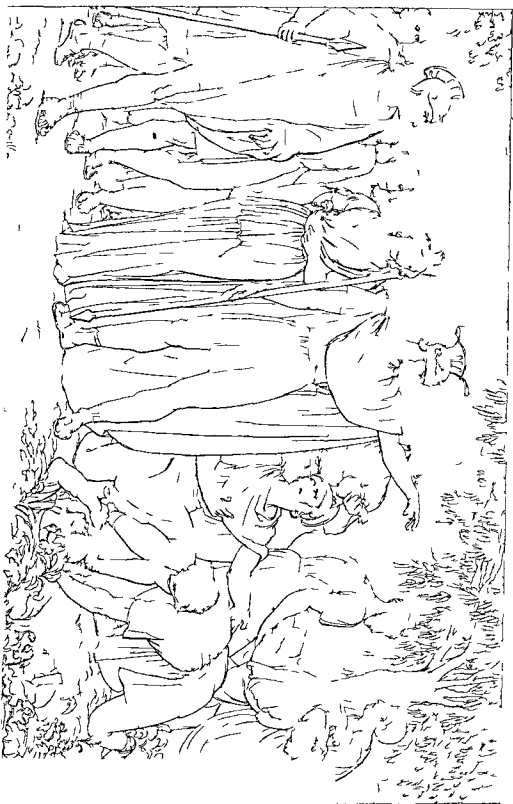
ACT V S 3

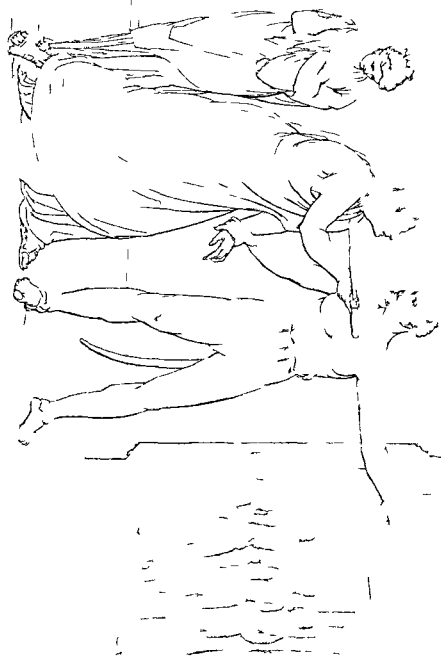


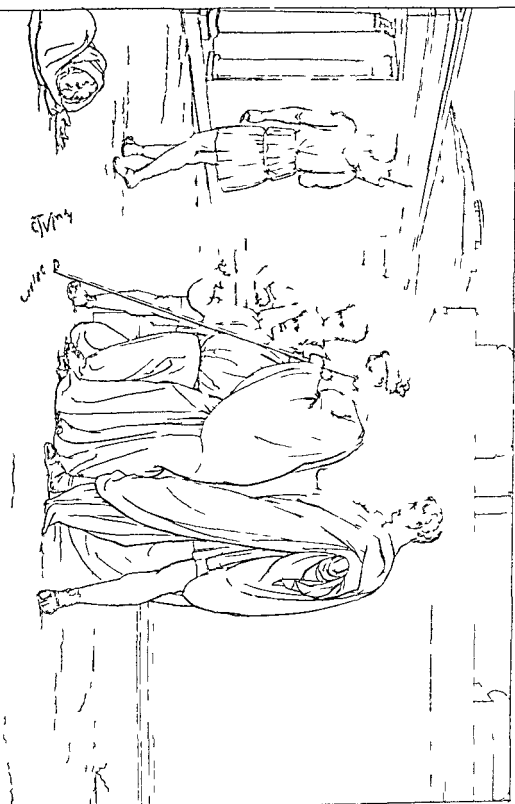


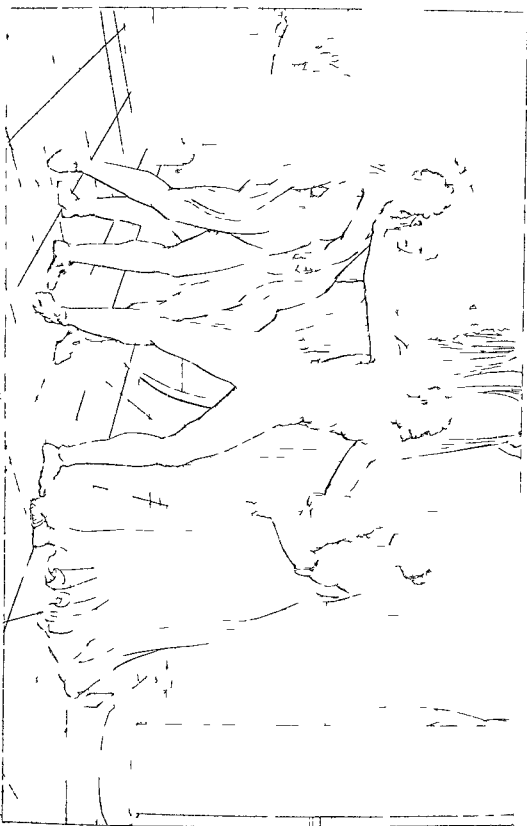












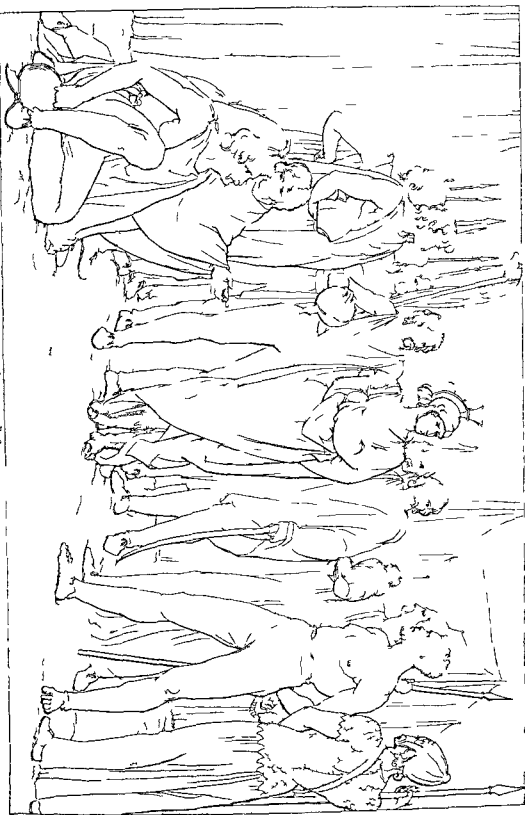
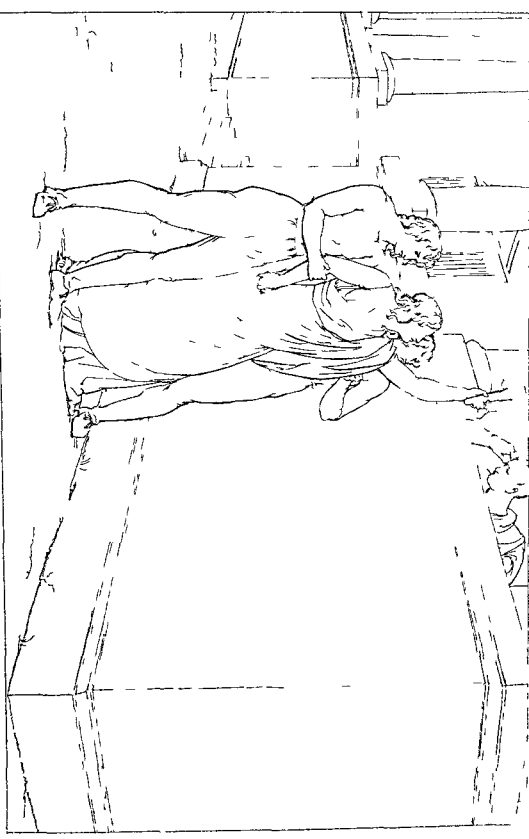
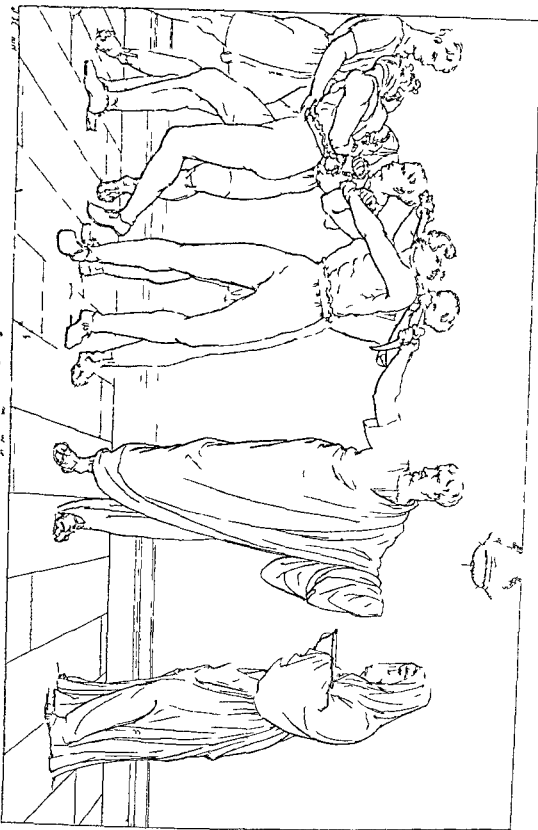
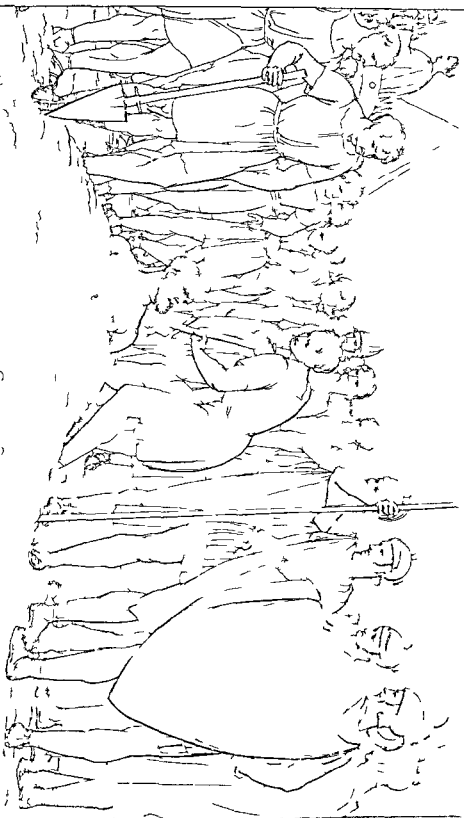


Fig. 21. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.









1800

London & New York 1800

POSTSCRIPT

This number concludes the most extensive and, I trust the most complete series of illustrations of any poet ever published. Every subject afforded by the action of the plays whether intended to be performed on the stage or only to be related in the course of the dialogue, has been given with the closest attention to costume and character so that each connected series of plates should develop a narrative, and that narrative be SHAKSPEARE.

The different sets of designs commence with the representation of those situations whence the difficulties, or other circumstances leading to the plots of the plays, have arisen and the dramatis personæ are carried through all their vicissitudes, till the poet leaves them. For example, in the *TEMPEST* are given the imprisonment of *ARIEL* by *SICORAX* and the banishment of *PROSPERO* by his brother, which lead to and explain the adventures selected by Shakspeare as best fitted for the stage.

This plan was adopted, as giving much greater scope to the delineator, by affording many fine subjects for the pencil whilst, at the same time it taxes his powers more severely, and puts to the proof his capacity for what he has undertaken—how far he is able to enter into the spirit of the poet and to fill up the blanks he has left.

I have in no instance consulted theatrical effect, or what would be adapted to the stage but have only considered how I could best produce, by pictorial representation the

same impression on the mind as is excited by reading the poet. I have not strained after novelty, or affected originality, but have carefully investigated the text, studying human nature as my guide, and have aimed at giving the full spirit of the author in the vigour and simplicity of truth, the best evidence of which will, perhaps, be found in the designs, though so numerous, and the work of one hand, being as varied as the author they profess to illustrate

History, as far as it would agree with Shakspeare's version, and every thing else that could give interest consistently with strict accuracy, has been made available, and I trust that both originality and novelty have been the result.

The greatest pains have been taken to give the costume with correctness, and it may be relied on, with one or two trifling exceptions. I was misled by a great antiquary respecting SHYLOCK's cap, having since been informed that, in the Adriatic, turbans are prescribed to the Jews by law, white spotted with black, or the reverse. Steeple head-dresses are introduced rather earlier than they were worn, as I am now of opinion, but I have found them in a manuscript in the British Museum, stated by the author to have been completed and illuminated as early as A D 1410. The introduction of tartan in MACBETH is stated by Scottish antiquaries to be incorrect but it bears so close an analogy to the striped dresses worn by the ancient Britons, and it is so characteristic of the nation, that I shall probably be forgiven for having fallen into the popular error, if error it be. In the heraldic bearings I have, in one instance, unintentionally reversed the quarterings of the royal arms, I have once omitted checking the field in the standard of Clifford; and have introduced, as distinctions of the sons of Henry the Fourth, the crescent and the mullet, which were not at that period used for such purposes. But these are, I

believe the only exceptions to the strictest accuracy, and I trust will not be deemed an unpardonable number of oversights in a work of such magnitude, entirely conceived and executed within so short a space of time by a single individual.

To enumerate all the authorities that I have consulted, and to instance the use I have made of each, would hardly be possible. Ancient monuments and MSS (particularly a contemporaneous history of Richard the Second, in which several of the scenes introduced by Shakspeare have been represented by an eye witness), Vecellio's *Costumi*, Jost Ammon's *Book of Trades*, old wood-cuts, and the works of the early Florentine, Roman, Venetian, and German schools are among the principal sources whence I have derived my costume and decorations, in all of which I have been particular, even to the pattern of hangings and furniture. *e g* those in the death of EDWARD THE FOURTH are from an illumination in a MS in the British Museum, representing that king receiving the book from the author. I have trusted to Meyrick and Strutt for my early British and Danish costume, but went to Lynn to inspect an enamelled cup given to the corporation of that city by King John, from which the dresses of the females of that period have been taken.

When it was impossible to be correct owing to anachronisms of my author, as in the case of the *Fool* in *LEAR*, I have felt it right to adhere to the dress of the period making any necessary distinctions such as appeared most nearly allied to the general character of the costume. On the same principle, the nasal guard of the Danish helmet has been considered as sufficient to answer to the term of "beaver." Beavers, used here for visors, were not worn at the time of *HAMLET* but the nasal guard if the headpiece had been down, would have disguised, though it only partially concealed, the face of the wearer.

In the remarks prefixed to the plays I have generally

touched on any great departure from the received opinion of the characters, but, before I take leave of the subject, I must address to the reader a few words in further explanation and vindication of my views, especially as it will develop the principle on which I profess, in these designs, to give the Spirit of Shakspeare.

Throughout the tragedy of HAMLET, Shakspeare endeavours to give, in the character of CLAUDIUS, the idea of a dissolute drunken debauchee of the grossest habits, and in every respect he holds him up to detestation and disgust. I have, therefore, taken the only means of exciting the same impression, by showing, in his person, the effect of his vices, for which, in HAMLET's descriptions and allusions, there is ample authority, particularly in his scene with his mother in the closet, "Let the bloat king," &c &c And it is further to be remarked, that, though these abusive epithets are solely to be found in the mouth of the indignant HAMLET, yet there is not the slightest attempt at denying them on the part of the QUEEN, nor does she, in any instance, manifest an affection for him, but appears to submit to his overbearing villany with a passiveness that argues her being conscious of the situation in which she had placed herself, perhaps by a momentary infatuation.

I have ventured to differ from the general conception of the character of FALSTAFF. Hitherto he has been considered as the prince of good fellows,—smooth, easy, good-natured, witty, and free from unwieldiness. I conceive him to be cunning, artful, impudent enough to put a bold face on any matter, but always on the watch to see its effect on those whom he intended to over-reach, or from whom he hoped for advantage. When he discovers that he is detected by PRINCE HENRY, he *pretends* that he has been *joking*, and that he was aware of the part the Prince had acted—"By the lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye!" He is deceitful and treacherous—mark his letter to

PRINCE HENRY respecting POINS, and his abuse of the Prince when absent. He is selfish and dishonest, and, as PRINCE HENRY characterizes him, "the father of lies"—witness his ungrateful and fraudulent usage of DAME QUICKLY. When he meets JUSTICE SHALLOW, his first consideration is what he can make out of him—to what extent he can defraud him. "Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return, and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me." He says he is "witty and the cause of wit in others," but, as he confesses, his is the wit of a talkative drunkard. "A good sherris sack hath a two fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. But the situations he is placed in, and the consummate impudence and effrontery with which he undauntedly endeavours to extricate himself and to involve others, have rendered him very amusing, and consequently a great favourite with the audience and the reader,—from I fear a weakness of human nature, which is always more ready to laugh at the deceived than to reprehend the deceiver. the same feeling is noticed when (I believe) Fouché remarks it as his experience that a man had rather be called a knave than a fool. One word as to FALSTAFF's unwieldy size—his education, from being a page to Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, to the period of his knighthood, was calculated to make a powerful man out of even a feeble frame; and, in his case, this power was not much diminished by his excesses, as is evident from his lifting Hotspur in his armour, when he must himself have been encumbered with the same heavy costume: for even in Shakspeare's time, no knight would have gone into the field of battle without being cased in plate. Therefore

much that is said about his unwieldiness is figurative, as would also appear from the adventure at Gadshill "And Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf" These, it is hoped, will be sufficient to vindicate the view taken of the character mental and bodily, but, on investigation, many corroborations will be found.

OTHELLO is a Moor, not a blackamoor, and his costume is that of the generalissimo of the Venetian forces, from Vecellio.

IN MACBETH, national as well as individual character has been considered, and what has been urged as a fault is assumed as a merit, that he is a Scotchman.

I have given sufficient reasons for my ideas of MASTER SLENDER in the remarks on the Merry Wives of Windsor, and will only repeat the unanswerable evidence—"I will rather be unmannerly than troublesome," and ANNE PAGE, far from being full of mischievous raillery of her bashful suitor, as sometimes represented, is, throughout the play, the personification of quiet gentleness—"Indeed, she is given too much to allcholly and musing"

As to any other instances in which I may have departed from the received opinion, I must beg a careful and unprejudiced examination of the text, and I trust that the result will prove satisfactory.

The variety of the subjects has induced a corresponding variety in the execution, but still, throughout, it is strictly confined to outline, and is the *only* work in that style.

Flaxman and Retzsch, in their nominal outlines, have both introduced shadows, and in some instances to such extent, that they have the appearance of being early proofs of plates intended to be finished. That shadows are unnecessary, I need only refer to the body of this work to prove every effect requisite to convey intellectual im-

pression will be found, and given solely by an imperceptible gradation of the line. Roundness, discrimination of texture, and a perfect idea of character, may be expressed by a single line with proper management. and I even venture to assert that, when shadows are introduced, it is in consequence of want of knowledge of the capabilities of pure outline, cutting the knot they do not endeavour to untie. *Ars est celare artem.* When either the line is uniform, or partial shadows are introduced, it is impossible to conceal the art. while on the contrary, with the application of a proper gradation of outline, the mind may be so fully impressed with the idea intended to be excited, that the eye shall take no cognizance of the mode of execution—the scene and not the artist, shall be present to the mind, and that highest of all commendation be elicited so finely observed by Betterton—“they forgot to applaud.” If I should not be deemed to have succeeded thus far, let it be not charged to the deficiency of outline, but to my want of power to avail myself of its capabilities. for I feel that much more may be effected than ever yet has been done in that style by any one.

I may now, I trust, dismiss this work, as fully realizing the professions of the prospectus, and presenting, as illustrations of Shakspeare, the only instance in which they have been accomplished. Retzsch, the celebrated illustrator of Goethe's Faust, commenced his Gallery of Shakspeare simultaneously with myself. he discontinued his work after publishing seventeen plates to the tragedy of Hamlet. I have laid before the public four hundred and eighty three and have illustrated all the plays.